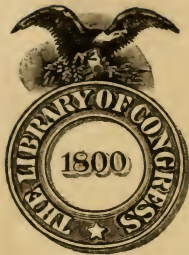


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SONNETS

248

WRITTEN STRICTLY IN THE ITALIAN STYLE,

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

An Essay on Sonnet-Writing.

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM PULLING, M.A. A.L.S.

OF SIDNEY SUSSEX COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, AND RECTOR OF DYMCHURCH
AND BLACKMANSTONE, KENT.



In tenui labor : at tenuis non gloria ; si quem
Numina læva sinunt, auditque vocatus Apollo.

VIRGILII GEORG. iv. 6, 7.



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TO

ROBERT ROSCOE, ESQ.

OF FINCHLEY, MIDDLESEX,

SON OF

THE LATE WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

OF LIVERPOOL

(WHOSE MERITS ARE BEYOND ALL PRAISE)

THESE SONNETS,

WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF AFFECTION AND ESTEEM,

CONFIRMED

BY AN INTIMACY OF THIRTY YEARS,

ARE DEDICATED

AS A TOKEN OF REGARD,

BY

HIS VERY SINCERE

AND OBLIGED FRIEND,

W. PULLING.

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AN ESSAY
ON
THE ORIGIN, FORM, AND CHARACTER
OF
THE SONNET.

THE Sonnet, written strictly on the Italian model (which has been adopted in Spain and Portugal entirely, and in France partly) is of so difficult a construction, and has hitherto been so little understood in England, that the author has been often requested by his friends and pupils to explain to them the rules for that species of composition, to which so much reputation was given by the greatest man produced in Italy in the fourteenth century—the celebrated Petrarch: that man of astonishing and multifarious erudition; who was, says Tiraboschi, in his superior work,* a philosopher, historian, orator, poet, and philologist; at once promoted sound literature in every manner, and obtained for it the esteem and protection of the princes of his time, to whom he became singularly dear and acceptable. Latin poetry was that species of metrical composition to which he devoted himself with the most ardent affec-

difficult form

* La Storia della Letteratura Italiana.

tion: but when he became enamoured of the lady, whose name will ever be conjoined with his, and be dear to the lovers of chaste poetry, he naturally preferred giving vent to his feelings in his own language; as such a mode of expression would enable him to describe all the circumstances of that pure passion with which he was inspired by the beauty of her form, and by the innocence and fine qualities of her mind. This Essay is not intended to enter into any details respecting the other species of poetry, in which Petrarch was so remarkably excellent, and of which an account may be seen in Sismondi.* The author here confines himself to the Sonnet; which, even to the present time, is so universally adopted by Italians to express every emotion of the heart and every circumstance of life, and which can never fail to affect both the ear and heart most powerfully, when it really derives its existence from genuine feeling.

“The Italian sonnet is a species of composition,” says the author of the *Life of Lorenzo de’ Medici*, vol. i. p. 272, “almost coeval with the language itself: and may be traced back to the period when the Latin tongue, corrupted by the vulgar pronunciation, and intermixed with the idioms of the different nations that from time to time overran Italy, degenerated into what was called the *lingua volgare*; which language, though at first

Sismondi * Histoire de la Littérature du Midi de l’Europe, tom i. p. 395, translated into English by Thomas Roscoe, Esq.

rude and unpolished, was, by successive exertions, reduced to a regular and determinate standard, and obtained at length a superiority over the Latin, not only in common use, but in the written compositions of the learned. The form of the sonnet, confined to a certain versification and to a certain number of lines, was unknown to the Roman poets, who, adopting a legitimate measure, employed it as long as the subject required it,—but was probably derived from the Provençals; although instances of the regular stanza now used in their compositions may be traced amongst the Italians as early as the thirteenth century. From that time to the present, the sonnet has retained its precise form, and has been the most favourite mode of composition in the Italian tongue.” In order to avoid details, the author of this Essay cannot avail himself of all the valuable observations of Mr. Roscoe on this subject, and will merely translate a note, in which he cites a remark in Italian on the sonnet by Lorenzo, who was himself a writer of sonnets:—“The brevity of the sonnet admits not that one word should be in vain: and the true subject and material of the sonnet ought to be some pointed and noble sentiment, appropriately expressed, and confined to a few verses, and avoiding obscurity and harshness.”*

“The Italians had the Sonnet from the Provençals;

* *Commento di Lorenzo de' Medici sopra i suoi Sonetti*, folio 120b. Ed Ald. 1554.

although the present form of the sonnet has been generally received as of their own invention. The ancient Provençal sonnet was a composition of twenty verses, rhymed alternately, in which two octo-syllabic verses were joined to each quatrain, or quartet, and one to each tercet. It cannot be determined with certainty who was the inventor of that composition which is now called the sonnet; but we find that its perfection is attributed to Fra Guittone d'Arezzo, who flourished about the year 1250. There is no doubt that it is the most difficult of all compositions; and its beauty consists in concluding happily one thought in a given number of verses, which correspond with each other in the given number and position of rhymes: as the greatest beauty of the rose consists in having issued from the thorns which surround it."*

Boileau, in his *Art Poétique*, says sportively, that "one day the god of verse invented the sonnet, to play a sad trick on poets, in order that they might be reduced to deep despair." And yet what a difference between the French and Italian sonnet!

It is known by adepts that the sonnet is composed of *two quatrains and two tercets*; and that this form, most frequently contained in *four rhymes*, never admits

* The above is translated from a note at p. 155 of "L'Oratore Italiano," an excellent selection from the Italian writers, with good notes, &c. published at Cambridge in 1810.

more than *five*.* Adepts find an harmonious grace in its regular *cut* or *divisions*: in its two quatrains, which, on similar rhymes, exhibit the subject and prepare the emotion: in its two tercets, which, by a more rapid movement, answer the excited expectation, complete the image, and satisfy the natural emotion. The sonnet, essentially musical, essentially founded on the harmony of the sounds, the name of which it bears, acts on the heart much more by the words than by the thought: the richness, the plenitude of rhymes, constitute a part of its grace: the recurrence of the same sounds makes an impression so much the more forcible in proportion to its being more repeated and more complete:—the reader is astonished at finding himself moved, without almost being able to say what has contributed to cause his emotion.

The necessity of finding many words which rhyme, imposes a very great restraint on writers of English sonnets. In Italian, and also in Spanish and Portuguese, where almost all the syllables are simple and formed of few letters, so that the words present a great number of similar terminations, the difficulty is not so great as in French and English, as well as the Germanic family of languages, and also the Slavonic, that is to say almost all the languages of Europe. The body of the sonnet is filled with some brilliant images: the last line brings

* For the substance of these remarks the author is indebted to the work of M. Sismondi.

27 with it an epigram, or some unexpected sentiment; or some striking antithetical contrast, which for a moment astonishes the mind. But, on the other hand, the brevity of these poems is indubitably a reason why they should be more elaborately polished. That which would be overlooked or forgiven in longer poems, cannot expect to escape detection or censure in this, where everything appears before the eye at the same instant; and which is not written at several periods, but comes at once perfect from the heart and pen, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter.

*
found
Proceeding, now, to give a particular account of the mechanism of the Italian sonnet, which is κατ' ἐξοχην, or *par excellence*, the sonnet, it is to be observed that all other kinds, whatever be the reputation which they possess or deserve, are not entitled to the appellation. They are irregular in their structure, and rather resemble a mazy wilderness than an elegantly arranged garden; and certainly are devoid of that systematic form, which constitutes the difficulty and beauty, and even essence, of the sonnet. The mechanism, then, for the Italian sonnet is the following:—the quatrains which form the first eight verses or lines, ought to be on two different rhymes, which may be arranged in three different manners: in the first, which is the most used, the first line rhymes with the fourth, the fifth, and the eighth; the second with the third, the sixth, and the seventh: in the second, the first line rhymes with the third, the

fifth, and seventh ; the second with the fourth, sixth, and eighth : in the third, the first line rhymes with the third, the sixth, and eighth ; the second with the fourth, the fifth, and seventh.

With regard to the six lines of the two tercets, there are also three sorts of arrangement: the lines of the first tercet, in the first instance, being on three different rhymes, which have their respective corresponding ones in the three verses of the second, in any order whatever, according to the will or necessity of the composer : Secondly, of these six lines the first is made to rhyme with the third and the fifth; the second with the fourth and the sixth : Lastly, the first rhymes with the third, fourth, and sixth, and the second only with the fifth.

These are the only methods in which the fourteen lines can be arranged to make a sonnet on the true Italian model, in a grand or solemn style ; or, at least, the only methods for the quatrains : and although the two tercets are less strict, yet the above are the most approved modes. There is another species of sonnet, which is composed in a burlesque style ; consisting of the fourteen lines mentioned above as constituting the regular number of lines, with an appendage of three tercets : the first line rhymes with nothing ; the second and third have the same sound ; the first of the second tercet rhymes with them : then come two lines in a different rhyme, which are followed, as before, by the initial of the last tercet on the same rhyme : the two

last, to complete the three tercets, rhyme together, in sounds differing from the others.

There is another kind of sonnet, composed entirely of lines of *eight syllables*, which was first introduced in 1694, by Sig. Conte Sanmartino ; who, in the Arcadian Society, of which he was a member, was named Lucano Cinureo. It must, however, be confessed, that the invention is due to Giovanni Bruno di Rimini, in whose *Canzoniere*, published in the year 1505, there was a sonnet wholly of octosyllabic lines.*

Sonnets, to be strictly according to the Italian model, or that of the nations by whom this species of poetry has been cultivated successfully, must not only have the rhymes, and the quatrains and tercets, already mentioned, but the divisions must be distinct ; for, if they run into each other, as is the case in very numerous, almost numberless, English sonnets, they lose their regular character, and assume the form of blank verse ; and this is one great cause, perhaps the chief, why this department of the Muse has been so little productive of pleasure in this country. The ear becomes wearied, in consequence of having no regular places on which to rest ; and this little poem, which is susceptible of the most delightful harmony, is deprived of its power of pleasing, and even loses its distinct character, and its pretensions to the name which it bears.

The following are examples from Petrarca :

* Vide Oratore Italiano, p. 185.

1. The most usual mode of the Continental arrangements for the two quatrains, and the second mode for the two tercets.

“ Gli Angeli eletti, e l'anime beate
 Cittadine del cielo il primo giorno,
 Che Madonna passò, le fur intorno
 Piene di maraviglia e di pietate.
 Che luce è questa, e quale nova beltate ?
 Dicean tra lor, perc' habito sì adorno
 Dal mondo errante, a quest' alto soggiorno
 Non salì mai in tutta questa etate.
 Ella contenta haver cangiato albergo
 Si paragona pur coi più perfetti:
 E parte adhor', adhor si volge a tergo:
 Mirando s' io la seguo, e par ch' aspetti ;
 Ond' io voglie e pensier tutti al ciel ergo,
 Perch' i l'odo pregar pur, ch'io m'affretti.”

2. The second mode for the two quatrains, and the first for the two tercets.

IL PARAGONE DI PETRARCA.

“Giunto Alessandro alla famosa tomba
 Del fero Achille, sospirando disse :
 O fortunato, che sì chiara tromba
 Trovasti, e chi di te sì alto scrisse ;
 Ma questa pura e candida colomba,
 A cui non so, se al mondo mai par visse
 Nel mio stil frale assai poco rimbomba :
 Così son le sue sorti a ciascun fisse.
 Chi d'Omero degnissima, e d'Orfeo ;
 O del pastor ch'ancor Mantova onora,
 Ch'andassen sempre lei sola cantando :
 Stella difforme, e fato sol quì reo
 Commise a tal, che il suo bel nome adora ;
 Ma forse scema sue lode parlando.”

3. The third mode for the two quatrains, and the first for the two tercets.

“ In tale stella duo begli occhi vidi
 Tutti pien d'honestate e di dolcezza ;
 Che presso a quei d'amor leggiadri nidi
 Il mio cor lasso ogni altra vista sprezza ;
 Non si pareggi a lei, qual più s' apprezza
 In qualch' etade, in qualche strani lidi ;
 Non, chi recò con sua vaga bellezza,
 In Grecia affanni, in Troia ultimi stridi ;
 Non la bella Romana, che col ferro
 Aprì 'l suo casto e disdegnoso petto :
 Non Polixena, Isiphile, e Argia :
 Questa excellentia è gloria (s'i non erro)
 Grande à natura, à me sommo diletto.
 Ma che ? ven tardo, e subito va via.”

third 4. First for the two quatrains, and the fourth for the two tercets.

“ Ne l'età sua più bella e più fiorita,
 Quand' haver suol amor in noi più forza,
 Lasciando in terra la terrena scorza
 È Laura mia vital da me partita ;
 E viva e bella, e nuda al ciel salita :
 Indi mi signoreggia : indi mi sforza.
 Deh, perche me del mio mortal non scorza
 L'ultimo dì, ch'è primo à l'altra vita ?
 Che come i miei pensier dietro a lei vanno,
 Così leve, espedita, e lieta l'alma
 La segua : et io sia fuor di tanto affanno :
 Ciò, che s'indugia, è proprio per mio danno ;
 Per far me stesso a me più grave salma :
 O che bel morir era hoggi e terzo anno.”

The Italian models have been introduced into the Portuguese and Spanish languages strictly, and into the French, with the exception of the two tercets, which they arrange with less care; for instance, in the very celebrated sonnet of Des Barreaux, beginning with "Grand Dieu." As French is so universally known, and the composition is so striking in thought, it is here presented to the reader :

"Grand Dieu ! tes jugements sont remplis d'équité.
 Toujours, tu prends plaisir à nous être propice :
 Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté
 Ne me pardonnera qu'en blessant ta justice.
 Oui, Seigneur, la grandeur de mon impiété
 Ne laisse à ton pouvoir que le choix du supplice;
 Ton intérêt s'oppose à ma félicité,
 Et ta clémence même attend que je périsse.
 Contente ton désir puisqu'il t'est glorieux :
 Offense-toi des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux :
 Tonne, frappe, il est temps ; rends moi guerre pour guerre.
 J'adore en périssant la raison qui t'aigrit :
 Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre,
 Qui ne soit tout couvert du sang de Jésus Christ ?"

The rules above have been uniformly adhered to by all the writers of sonnets in those countries ; and the reader is referred to the sonnets of all the Italians, Spaniards, and Portuguese : to mention but a few,—Frugoni, Redi, Filicaja, Sà di Miranda, (who was the introducer of the Italian Hendecasyllabic poetry into Portugal and Spain), Camoens, Garcilaso de la Vega, Quevedo, &c.

&c.; and all the French, with the alteration in the tercets just mentioned; and there can be no possible reason alleged for a departure from the rule in any manner: if the sonnet cannot be considered perfect, no authority, however high,—no poetic beauty, however transcendent, can legitimize what is incorrect.

Italian was extremely studied on the revival of literature in this country; and the highly accomplished Earl of Surrey wrote many sonnets, which it might naturally be supposed would have been formed on the model of Petrarch; the delicacy of whose passion for Laura, which was so Platonic, might not be easily imitable by those who really feel affection for a mistress: but his arrangement might have been followed, without which, in fact, there can be no legitimate sonnet. Those of Surrey, which have the two quatrains regular, in the tercets are defective, and they end with a quatrain and a distich: There is tenderness in them; and, at the time of his appearance on the stage of literature, they might naturally give great satisfaction, but they are now little read and perhaps less admired,—indebted to his muse, as England is, for showing her the way which leads to poetry of a delicate character.

Both Shakspeare and Spenser,—those transcendent luminaries,—those mighty masters of the art of verse,—were the writers of sonnets; but to neither of them is any considerable degree of praise due for the com-

position of the sonnet,—that poetical effusion which is for numbers such a difficult performance. Boileau declares:

"Un sonnet sans défaut vaut seul un long poème."

L'ART POÉTIQUE, *Ch. II.*

And afterwards :

"Pour enfermer son sens dans la borne prescrite
La mesure est toujours trop longue ou trop petite."

This may be said both of Shakspeare and Spenser, unrivalled as they are, the former in dramatic art, which in him has every species of beauty—matchless descriptions of the charms of nature, and such a diversity of talent in portraying every sort of personage, and in creating beings, that in him England may proudly boast of an incomparable genius; and the latter,—the highly poetical, graphic, and allegorical Spenser, who knew so well how to avail himself of the finest parts of Tasso, as well as of other Italian poets, and who can and does afford such rich materials to the painter. Both failed in the sonnet, if the Continentalists, with Petrarch at their head, are to be regarded as understanding and being able to compose this little poem. The admirers of both, if they have really any taste and judgment, will read their compositions of this description with great reluctance and regret; sorry to see such mighty geniuses struggling in vain to write a little fettered poem, while, in other respects, they could achieve such great labours,

sonnet
of difficulty
both

and place themselves, each in his department, at the head of all the bards of England.

That there is no good account of the constituents of a true sonnet in English, some definitions, taken from Encyclopædias of deserved celebrity, will prove; nor can the author find that any regular rule has been given of the sonnet. The following are the definitions:

“Sonnet, in poetry, a composition contained in fourteen verses: viz.—two stanzas on measures of four verses each, and two of three: the first eight verses being all in three rhymes.”—*Encyclopædia Brit.* vol. xix; *Oxford Encyclop.* vol. vi.

“Sonnet. Sonnet, *Fr.* Sonnetto, *Ital.* A short poem, consisting of fourteen lines, of which the rhymes are adjusted by a particular rule. The sonnet owes its origin to Italy. A small poem.”—*Encyclop. Lond.* xxiii.

“Sonnet, Sonetto, in poetry, a kind of composition properly contained in fourteen verses: viz. two stanzas on measures of four verses each, and two of three: the first verses being all on two rhymes.

“The sonnet is of Italian origin, and Petrarch is allowed to be the father of it: it is held the most difficult and artful of all poetical compositions, as requiring the utmost accuracy and exactness. It is to end with some pretty ingenious thought: the close must be particularly beautiful, or the sonnet is defective.

“In Malherbe and some other French poets we meet with sonnets where the two first stanzas are not on the

same rhyme: but they are held irregular, and in effect great part of the merit of these pieces consists in a scrupulous observance of the rules.

“Regnier, Malherbe, Maynard, and Gombaut, have composed abundance of sonnets: but among two or three thousand there are scarcely two or three worth much.

“Pasquier observes that Du Bellai was the first who introduced sonnets into France; but Du Bellai himself says, that Merlin de S. Gelais first converted the Italian sonnets into French. “Of twenty-three sonnets which were written by our great poet Milton, that addressed to Henry Lawes is one of the best, and yet this shows how difficult and unnatural the construction of this poem is in the English language; whereas, from the great number of similar terminations in the Italian tongue, and the success of Petrarch, it has long been the favourite measure of Italy for short compositions. However, Muratori thinks it extremely difficult for his countrymen to make a good sonnet; and he compares this kind of poem to the bed of Procrustes, where the legs of those that were too short were stretched, and those too long were cut to the size of the bed. “

“Antonio à Tempo, a civilian in Padua, in his *Treatise on Poetry*, in 1332, distinguishes sixteen different kinds of sonnets.”—*Burney's History of Music*, vol. ii. p. 324, as quoted by Dr. Rees, in his *Cyclopædia*, vol. xxxiii.

It must excite the astonishment of all who consider the subject, that a matter of such importance in the poetic department of elegant literature, and which has

been attempted by so many very superior writers in this country, should have been so little known accurately. Scarcely a volume of poems appears without a specimen or two, sometimes many, of this sort of composition, which is so admirable when correct. But rare indeed is the occurrence of one deserving the name of a sonnet: and many an author of decidedly superior natural talents, seems totally divested of them when attempting the sonnet. Without entering into details respecting the innumerable failures of this description, let it be remembered that whatever be the poetical merit of such compositions, to the character of the legitimate sonnet they have no just pretensions. Even the profoundly learned linguist, the late Sir William Jones, who was as well versed in the Italian language as his own, has but one sonnet, and that is incorrect with regard to pauses.

SONNET TO G. HARDYNG, ESQ. BY SIR WILLIAM JONES.

“Hardyng, whom Camden’s voice and Camden’s fame
 To noble thoughts and high attempts excite,
 Whom thy learn’d sire’s well polished lays invite
 To kindle in the breast a Phœbean flame,
 Oh! rise: oh! emulate their lives; and claim
 The glorious meed of many a studious night,
 And many a day spent in asserting right,
 Repressing wrong, and bringing fraud to shame.
 Nor let the glare of wealth in Pleasure’s bowers
 Allure thy fancy! Think how Tully shone!
 Think how Demosthenes with heav’nly fire
 Shook Philip’s throne and lighten’d o’er his towers!
 What gave them strength?—Not eloquence alone,
 But minds elate above each low desire.

This ignorance respecting the real constituents of a sonnet has continued up to the present time; of which a proof is afforded by the Editor of the *Edinburgh Journal*, in his remarks on the following

SONNET BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH ON THE NATURE
OF THE SONNET.

“Scorn not the Sonnet, Critics; you have frown'd,
Mindless of its just honours. With this key
Shakspeare unlock'd his heart. The melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound.
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound.
With it Camõens sooth'd an exile's grief.
The Sonnet glitter'd, a gay myrtle leaf,
Amid the cypress with which Dante crown'd
His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,
It cheer'd mild Spenser, called from Faëry-land
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating sounds, alas! too few.”

^ !
comma after
critics,

“We have here,” says Chambers, in the *Edinburgh Journal* for November 3rd, 1839, “in the language of its great modern master, at once a beautiful specimen of the little poem called the sonnet, and some account of its history. It may be described as a form of poetical composition, limited to fourteen ten-syllable lines, containing in the best models from four to six rhymes, and marked by great clearness of thought and diction, practised by Dante, Petrarch, and others of those who evived letters in southern Europe; it found its way

into England in the sixteenth century, when the works of the Italian poets first became popular among us."

Now, as in this description there is much that is not sanctioned by the legitimate writers of sonnets, and which may occasion mistake in future writers, it is proper to say that they need not be confined to fourteen ten-syllable lines, because the *Hendecasyllabic* form is that of Italy, Spain, and Portugal: and that it is admissible in English, countless dramatic lines in Shakespeare and others prove. Milton, Young, and others also occasionally avail themselves of it to vary the metre; and, undoubtedly, for euphony, whenever it can be introduced into rhyme, it always, when well managed, produces a good effect: for example, in Lord Byron, Milton (in a sonnet, as will be shown when mention is made of him) and others. As for there being permission to have six rhymes, there is no instance of that nature which the writer of these remarks ever recollects to have seen in any Italian or other classical model. Such a number would entirely destroy the character of the sonnet; as the two quatrains must be on two rhymes, and the two tercets cannot possibly be on more than three. Still more, there is not a word mentioned respecting the pauses, which are the great constituents of the harmony of the sonnet.

Of the numberless early composers of sonnets in our language, and of which perhaps one, now and then, may be found regular, it would be impossible to make men-

tion without extending this Essay beyond all reasonable limits. It will sufficiently answer the purpose of the writer to select some : not that he by any means wishes it to be understood that the omission is a proof of their being unworthy of notice. He also avoids the mention of authors who are still living, lest he might give offence where none is intended ; and he will begin with Lord Surrey, the first composer of sonnets in English.

SONNET BY LORD SURREY,

Descriptive of Geraldine, his Lady-Love ; supposed to be Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, daughter of the Earl of Kildare, and second cousin of the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, daughters of Henry VIII.

“ From Tuscan came my lady's worthy race,
 Fair Florence was sometime her ancient seat :
 The western isle, whose pleasant shore doth face
 Wild Cambria's cliff, did give her lively heat :
 For stor'd she was with milk of English breast ;
 Her sire an earl, her dame of prince's blood.
 From tender years in Britain she doth rest
 With a king's child, where she tasteth costly food.
 Honsdon did first present her to mine eyne :
 Bright is her hue, and, Geraldine she hight.
 Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine,
 And Windsor, alas ! doth close me from her sight ;
 Her beauty of kind : her virtues from above :
 Happy is he that can obtain her love.”

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S SONNET TO THE MOON.

“ With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies !
 How silently, and with how wan a face !
 What ! may it be, that even in heavenly place
 The busy archer his sharp arrows tries ?

long! Sure, if that boy with love-acquainted eyes
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case :
 I read it in thy looks : thy languish'd grace
 To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.
 Then even of fellowship, O moor, ^{but} tell me
 Is constant love deem'd there for want of wit?
 Are beauties there, as proud as here they be?
 Do they above live to be lov'd, and yet
 Those lovers scorn, whom that love doth possess?
 Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?"

SPENSER'S SONNET TO SPRING —THE IDEA BORROWED
 FROM HORACE.

" Fresh Spring, the herald of Love's mighty king,
 In whose coat-armour richly are display'd
 All sorts of flowers, which on earth do spring, *the*
 In goodly colours gloriously array'd :
 Go to my love, where she is careless laid,
 Yet in her winter bow'r not well awake.
 Tell her the joyous time will not be stay'd
 Unless she do him by the forelock take :
 Bid her, therefore, herself soon ready make
 To wait on Love, amid his lovely crew,
 Where every one that misseth then her mark, *make*
 Shall be by him amerced in penance due :
 Make haste, therefore, sweet love, whilst it is prime,
 For none can call again the passed time."

SONNET OF SHAKSPEARE.

" That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold ;
shows Bare ruin'd elms, where blithe the sweet birds sang. *late*
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away :
 Death's second self' that layeth all in rest: *read up*

In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
 That in the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As At the death-bed whereon it must expire,
 Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long."

SONNET BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH ON SPENSER'S
 FAIRY QUEEN.*

"Methought I saw the grove where Laura lay,
 Within that temple where the vestal flame
 Was wont to burn; and passing by that way
buried To see that honour'd dust of living fame,
 Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
 All suddenly I saw the Fairy Queen,
 At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,
 And from thenceforth those graces were not seen:
 For they the Queen attended, in whose stead
 Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse;
 Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
 And groans of buried spirits the heavens did pierce; *ghosts*
 Where Homer's sprite did tremble all for grief,
 And curs'd the access of that celestial thief."

Drummond, whose sonnets were first published in the year 1616, and, as Dr. Joseph Warton has observed, are exquisitely beautiful and correct, is entitled, in truth to great admiration. His poems are full of sweetness, native talent, and feeling;—and have a pathos and

* This sonnet and several of the following were published in an elegant little work, containing specimens of English sonnets, selected by the Rev. Alexander Dyce in 1833, containing a few notes respecting their authors, with a short account of sonnets prefixed; but nothing concerning their structure.

greatness in their simplicity, as Todd (*Milton's Works*, vol. vi. p. 443) observes, sufficient to endear the legitimate sonnet to every reader of just taste. They possess a characteristic grace, which can never belong to those elegiac stanzas closing with a couplet. That Milton read and admired them appears by several passages in his sonnets; and it is said that Gray imitated Drummond, in his sonnet on the Death of West.

Two of his beautifully sweet but incorrect sonnets are the following: the former, to Spring, is a close imitation of Guarini, in his "Pastor Fido," where he introduces Mirtillo as complaining that his joys are past.

" Sweet Spring, thou turn'st with all thy goodly train,
 Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs ;
 Cured The Zephyrs coil the green locks of the plain,
 The clouds, for joy, in pearls weep down their showers.
 Then turn'st Turn thee, sweet youth ! but ah ! my pleasant hours
 And happy days with thee come not again :
 The sad memorials only of my pain
 Do with thee turn, which turn my sweet to sour.
 Thou art the same which still thou wert before :
 Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair.
 But she, whose breath embalm'd the wholesome air
 Is gone : nor gold nor gems can her restore.
 Neglected virtue, Seasons go and come
 forgot be While thine forget me closed in a tomb."

" Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
 Far from the clam'rous world, doth live his own ;
 The solitary, who is not alone,
 But doth converse with that Eternal Love ;

O how more sweet do birds harmonious moan, *as birds*
 Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
 Than the smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
 Which good make doubtful, do the evil prove! *ap*
 O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
performed And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flow'rs unfold,
 Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
 How sweet are streams to poisons drunk in gold!
 The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights;
 Woods, harmless shades, have only true delights."

The quatrains are not regular in one of the three forms given above; and, instead of ending with two tercets, they have a quatrain and a couplet.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

"Let others sing of knights and palladines
 In aged accents and untimely words;
 Paint shadows in imaginary lines,
 Which well the reach of their high wits records:
 But I will sing of thee, and those fair eyes;—
 Authentic shall my verse in time to come,
 When yet th' unborn shall say, lo! where she lies,
 Whose beauty made him speak that else was dumb!
 These are the arcs, the trophies I erect,
 That fortify thy name against old age;
 And these thy sacred virtues must protect
 Against the dark and Time's consuming rage.
 Though th' error of my youth in them appear,
lo'd Suffice they show I lov'd, and lov'd thee dear."

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

"Why should your fair eyes with such sovereign grace
 Disperse their rays on every vulgar spirit,
 While I in darkness, in the selfsame place,
 Get not one glance to recompense my merit?"

So doth the ploughman gaze the wand'ring star,
 And only rests contented with the light,
 That never learnt what constellations are
 Beyond the ken of his unknowing sight.
 O! why should Beauty (custom'd to obey)
 To their gross sense apply herself so ill?
 Would, God, I were as ignorant as they,
 When I am made unhappy by my skill;
 Only compell'd in this poor good to boast,
 Heavens are not kind to those that serve them most."

BARNABY BARNES,

A divine composer of spiritual sonnets.

"Unto my spirit lend an angel's wing,
 By which it might mount to that place of rest,
 Where Paradise may me relieve, opprest.
 Lend to my tongue an angel's voice to sing!
 Thy praise, my comfort: and for ever bring
 The notes thereof from the bright east to west!
 Thy mercy lend unto my soul distrest!
 Thy grace unto my wits! then shall the sling
 Of righteousness that monster, Sathan, kill,
 Who with despair my dear salvation dar'd,
 And, like the Philistine, stood breathing still
 Proud threats against my soul, for heaven prepar'd.
 At length I like an angel shall appear
 In spotless white, an angel's crown to wear."

Of the great—the transcendently great poet Milton,
 the *Paradise Lost*, *Comus*, *Samson Agonistes*, *Lycidas*,
L'Allegro and *Il Penseroso*, for the exquisite beauties
 which they contain, in their several departments of
 metrical composition, are above all praise; and certainly

are unrivalled in English, even if they are not in any other language. His sonnets, however, are decidedly of an inferior character; and it may be supposed that the mighty genius of the author of *Paradise Lost*, when confined within the number of fourteen lines, so artfully arranged and so regularly divided as to form a sonnet on the Italian, the only true model, was like an eagle in a cage designed for a much smaller bird; or that Nature, who is a kind mother and hath numberless children to provide for, gives not all talents to any individual. For instance, the ever-celebrated author of the *Gerusalemme Liberata* and *Aminta*, whom Lord Byron thus justly eulogizes

“Oh! victor unsurpass'd in modern song!”

Childe Harold, c. iv. 39

excelled not in sonnets; neither did Ariosto; between whom the best judges of Italy and Italian literature know not how to determine. Garcilaso de la Vega, the beautiful pastoral writer of Spain, by his small volume, has procured for himself a reputation which numbers, even with genius, have not been able to obtain by more voluminous works, because they elaborated them not; but he would never have held any high rank among the favourites and cultivators of the Muses, had his fame rested on his sonnets, which cannot be read without the deepest pity that the author should have quitted the secluded regions of rural nature, “Where ivy climbs

the trees with winding pace," "Where birds pour forth their soft complaints of love," and "Where the limpid waters murm'ring flow," (which are versions of some of his own lines), to describe the feelings of a lover only, without having the shades of the forest and the flower mead to be a beautiful decoration for his scene. In fact, the author seems divested of his exquisite talents for versification and description when he puts on the shackles of the sonnet. The same may be said of the great epic poet of Portugal, few of whose sonnets ever reach mediocrity, while many parts of his *Lusiadas* will bear a comparison with the finest passages in any poem in any age or country, Homer even not excepted; for instance, his beautiful episode of Inez de Castro, in the third canto; the appearance of the two rivers (the Ganges and the Indus) to Emanuel, King of Portugal, in his dream, in the fourth; and the highly-wrought and celebrated prosopopeia of the Cape of Good Hope, in the fifth. Many others have been deficient in the same manner in the same species of composition, however they may have excelled in others: and chiefly has that failure been apparent when authors whose talents fitted them for detail have subjected themselves to the narrow limits of a sonnet, in which Petrarch was so transcendent, so unrivalled; while the same cannot be said of his other poetical pieces, although great praise is due to his *Canzoni*.

The sonnets of Milton, it must be repeated, are of a

very common character; and scarcely anywhere in them can be traced any features of the mighty genius of their author. Well acquainted with Italian, as his compositions in that language evince, and of which his elegant imitations of their greatest beauties in his various works, particularly in his *Paradise Lost*, are a most convincing proof, he observes not the rules laid down by the great prototype of sonnets for their division. They are greatly devoid of poetic charms, and it would have been, had they never appeared, only a loss of quantity—not *quality*; by which alone real merit is discoverable, and by which alone real and permanent reputation is to be obtained. As proofs of their mazy nature, the reader is referred to his sonnets to the Nightingale, to the Lord General Cromwell, and On his Deceased Wife, which are allowed to possess as much merit as any of them; and in the last of which Milton is said by Hayley to have equalled the mournful graces of Petrarch and Camoens, who have each of them a plaintive composition on a similar idea.

“The great models for the sublime and domestic sonnet,” says Todd (vol. vi. 442 *note*) “are those of Milton ‘To the Soldier to spare his Dwelling-place, and ‘To Mr. Lawrence,’” which are here given.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

“Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.

He can requite thee ; for he knows the charms
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower ;
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground : and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare."

TO MR. LAWRENCE.

" Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
 From the hard season gaining? Time will run
 On smoother, till Favonius reinspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise."

The beautifully correct sonnet composed by Gray,
 and which has been very well translated into Italian, by
 Matthias, is given here to show the superiority of
 that which is according to the rules of art over that
 which is not so.

ON THE DEATH OF THE HON. R. WEST.

" In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire ;
The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire ;

These ears, alas ! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require :
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine ;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.

Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men ;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear ;

To warm their little loves the birds complain ;
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
I weep the more, because I weep in vain."

The great scholar, and superior poet also, the Rev. T. Warton, B.D. Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and Poet-Laureat, might reasonably have been supposed to have known all the arcana of the legitimate sonnet, and to have manifested his knowledge by his practice, when composing poems of that description ; but of the nine sonnets which proceeded from his pen, marked as they are with the stamp of poetry, they are lamentably not entitled to the name of regular sonnets, because they are without the proper pauses : for instance, the following sonnet which he addressed to Gray. It is the sixth.

" Not that her blooms are mark'd with beauty's hue,
My rustic muse her votive chaplet brings ;
Unseen, unheard, O Gray, to thee she sings,
While slowly pacing thro' the churchyard dew,

At curfew time, beneath the darksome yew, - *green*
 Thy pensive genius strikes the moral strings :
 Or borne sublime on Inspiration's wings,
 Hears Cambria's bard devote the dreadful clue
 Of Edward's race, with murders foul defil'd.
 Can aught my pipe to reach thine ear essay ?
 No, bard divine ! for many a care beguil'd
 By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,
 For many a rapturous thought and vision wild
 To thee this strain of gratitude I pay !"

Mason, the celebrated rival of Warton (the former of whom wrote the Lament, the latter the Triumph of Isis) published thirteen sonnets. The accompanying is correct ; the others are irregular.

ON THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF LICHFIELD
 AND COVENTRY.

Prefixed to the Dramatic Poem of Caractacus, when altered for stage representation.

" Still shall my Hurd, a smile of candour lend
 To scenes that dar'd on Grecia's pinions low'r,
 When in lone Thurcaston's sequester'd bow'r
 He prais'd the strain because he lov'd the friend !

There golden Leisure did his steps attend,
 Nor had the race yet with weigh'd call of pow'r
 To those high cares decreed his watchful hour,
 On which fair Albion's future hopes depend !*

A fate unlook'd for waits my friend and me ;
 He pays to duty what was Learning's claim,
 Resigning classic ease for dignity :—

I yield my muse to Fortune's praise or blame.
 Yet shall our hearts in this great truth agree,
 That peace alone is bliss, and virtue fame."

* Bishop Hurd at this time was preceptor of the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York.

The following sonnet has been taken from those which were written by the well-known Miss Ann Seward, (without any choice, for they are all of the same character) in order to show that this ingenious lady either knew not, or deemed not indispensable, the marked divisions of the Italian sonnet. The reader will observe that there is no pause at the end of the fourth line, as it ought to be; neither is there any at the eleventh: consequently the whole is an irregular maze.

SONNET BY ANN SEWARD.

Written on rising ground near Lichfield.

“ The evening shines in May's luxuriant pride,
 And all the sunny hills at distance glow,
 And all the brooks that thro' the valley flow
 Seem liquid gold. O had my fate denied
 Leisure and power to taste the sweets that glide
 Thro' kindling souls, as the soft seasons go
 On their still varying progress, for the woe
 My heart has felt, what balm had been supplied?
 But when great Nature smiles, as here she smiles,
 'Mid verdant vales and gently swelling hills,
 And glassy lakes, and mazy mountain rills, *murmuring*
 And narrow wood-wild lanes, her spell beguiles
 Th' impatient sighs of grief, and reconciles
 Poetic minds to life with all her ills.”

From the preface to *Miss Seward's Sonnets*, is taken the following definition of the nature and perfection of this kind of verse in our language, by Mr. White:—
 “ Little elegies consisting of four stanzas and a couplet, are no more sonnets than they are epic poems. The

sonnet is of a particular and *arbitrary* construction : it partakes of the nature of blank verse, by the lines running into each other at proper intervals. Each line of the first eight rhymes four times : and the order in which those rhymes should fall is decisive. For the ensuing six there is more licence : they may, or may not, at pleasure, close with a couplet."

*Confer
with
Seward*
It was thought by Dr. Johnson, that in consequence of the great number of words which must rhyme to constitute a real sonnet, its fabric is difficult, and has never succeeded in English ; but Miss Seward, whose own sonnets, says Dr. J. Warton, eminently confirm the observation, observes that the fallacy of this remark is proved by the great number of beautiful *legitimate* sonnets which adorn our national poetry, not only by Milton, but by many of our modern poets.

Of Mrs. Charlotte Smith, who acquired such deserved celebrity by her poems, in consequence of their sweetness and pathos, it must be said that they scarcely ever have any higher pretension than of being called English sonnets, or sonnets in the English form : namely three stanzas of four lines each, independent of each other, as far as the rhymes are concerned, and a terminating couplet. Frequently they have the extremes of those separate quartets or quatrains rhyming, and the means : but at other times they consist of alternate lines which rhyme, in the elegiac form : the first and third ; the second and fourth ; and they close with a couplet.

The celebrated authoress herself says, in the first edition of the *Elegiac Sonnets*:—"The little poems which are here called sonnets, have, I believe, no very just claim to that title: but they consist of fourteen lines, and appear to me no improper vehicle for a single sentiment. I am told, and I read it as the opinion of very good judges, that the legitimate sonnet is ill calculated for our language." In the preface to the third edition of the sonnets she says:—"A few of those last written I have attempted on the Italian model; with what success I know not, but I am persuaded that to the generality of readers those which are less regular will be more pleasing." One of those which are beautifully correct, is given here.

TO MELANCHOLY.

Written on the banks of the Arun.

"When latest Autumn spreads her evening veil,
 And the grey mists from these dim waves arise,
 I love to listen to the hollow sighs,
 Thro' the half leafless wood that breathes the gale.
 For at such hours the shadowy phantom, pale,
 Oft seems to fleet before the poet's eyes;
 Strange sounds are heard, and mournful melodies,
 As of night wanderers, who their woes bewail!
 Here, by his native stream, at such an hour,
 Pity's own Otway, I methinks could meet,
 And hear his deep sighs swell the sadden'd wind!
 Oh, Melancholy!—such thy magic power,
 That to the soul these dreams are often sweet,
 And soothe the pensive visionary mind!"

Notwithstanding Lord Byron entertained such a mean opinion of the merits of sonnets, and was by nature and art more fitted for detail than compression, yet he proved incontestably, that to a genius like his every kind of metrical composition was a labour of very easy achievement; and that, had he devoted himself to sonnets, he would have held a very high, even if not the highest, rank as a sonnet-writer in this country. It would have been desirable that the pauses had been more distinct at the end of the fourth and the eleventh lines, in the following sonnet, which exhibits much of the character of the mighty author, and is addressed

TO GENEVRA.

“ Thine eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,
 And the wan lustre of thy features—caught
 From contemplation—where serenely wrought,
 Seems Sorrow's softness charm'd from its despair—
 Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,
 That—but I know thy blessed bosom fraught
 With mines of unalloy'd and stainless thought—
 I should have deem'd thee doom'd to earthly care.
 With such an aspect, by his colours blent,
 When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,
 (Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent)
 The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn—
 Such seem'st thou—but how much more excellent!
 With nought Remorse can claim—nor Virtue scorn.”

It is impossible to read the works of the late poet Coleridge, whether in prose or verse, without being struck with the grandeur of his ideas, and of the ex-

cellence of his heart; and his merit is daily becoming more acknowledged, and the demand for his productions more general. His design was to fill the bosom with the glow of virtue and religion, while he addressed himself to the imagination. He also was a writer of sonnets; but they indicate no proofs of his having studied the Italian school: and he contented himself with expressing his fine ideas, either in a maze resembling blank verse, with the rhymes not regulated by the models of Italy, or else he chose the English form, of which the following is a very pleasing example:

SONNET VIII.

“Thou gentle Look, that didst my soul beguile,
 Why hast thou left me? Still in some fond dream
 Revisit my sad heart, auspicious Smile!
 As falls on closing flow'rs the lunar beam:
 What time, in sickly mood, at parting day
 I lay me down and think of happier years,
 Of Joys, that glimmered in Hope's twilight ray,
 Then left me darkling in this vale of tears.
 O pleasant days of hope—for ever gone!—
 Could I recall you!—But that thought is vain.
 Availeth not Persuasion's sweetest tone
 To lure the fleet-winged Travellers back again:
 Yet fair, though faint, their images shall gleam
 Like the bright Rainbow on a willowy stream.”

Mrs. Hemans, who so recently added so many bright and fragrant flowers to the wreath of the English Muse, and for whose loss every lover of sweet and moral and religious poetry, cannot fail to experience deep and

permanent sorrow, wrote many sonnets, which bear the clear stamp of her lively genius, but, alas, they are systematically irregular! She satisfied herself with correctness in the first quatrain, while in the latter she only retained one rhyme of the former, and instead of the other introduced a new one, and consequently destroyed its character. She also did not follow the Italians in her tercets, of which the following is an instance.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

"Consider the lilies of the field."

"Flow'rs, when the Saviour's calm, benignant eye
 Fell on your gentle beauty, when from you
 That heav'nly lesson for all hearts he drew :
 Eternal, universal as the sky:
 Then in the bosom of your purity
 A voice he set, as in a temple shrine,
 That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by
 Unwarn'd of that sweet oracle divine :
 And tho' too oft its low, celestial sound
 By the harsh tones of work-day care is drown'd
 And the loud steps of vain unlisting haste ;
 Yet the great ocean hath no tone of pow'r
 Mightier to touch the soul in thought's hush'd hour
 Than your's, ye lilies, chosen thus and grac'd."

The sonnets which the author presumes to lay before the public, in conformity with the advice and solicitations of his friends, are strictly on the plan of those to which the Lover of Laura owed his well deserved and deathless celebrity, and with all the forms of both quatrains and tercets, as previously described. Some of them are of Hendecasyllabic, or hypermetric verse, (which is the Italian heroic metre) with the double rhyme at the end of the line; for instance, those "To Grandeur," and a "Barren Scene," and "To a Lady in praise of Exeter." Others are partly rhymed in that manner; as in the sonnet "To Chudleigh Rock," "To an Officer in an Indiaman," "To Devon," and others; and being preferred by some whom the author regards as judges, in them he has confined himself to a partial observance of the Italian metre.

In the sonnet to his Brother, a Commander in the Navy, he has taken a slight liberty with the latter tercet, making the two first lines rhyme, and the last with the concluding one of the former; but as the Italians are not so very strict with respect to the arrangement of the tercets, although he candidly confesses that he does not recollect one instance in which there is a precedent for his arrangement, he trusts that it will not mislead his readers, particularly as all the others are correct. The derangement seemed to harmonise with the subject; therefore he wrote so, and retained it. And twice, in imitation of the Continentalists, Spenser, Milton,

Byron, and others, he has rhymed two syllables of the same sound, but contrary meaning, to show their manner: viz. *sign* and *design*, in the sonnet "On writing the name of God on the Sand;" and *bare* and *bear*, in the sonnet "To the Man who was Conscience-struck at Church."

For the subjects of these sonnets the author is solely indebted to feeling, unprompted by art: he studied not the works of others, although acquainted with the literature of many nations, in order to have an idea suggested to him, and then by an artful change of words, or a re-arrangement of thoughts, to endeavour to pass for his own that to which he has no just claim: they are realities, and if they draw but one tear from the eyes of his readers (they drew many from him in the composition and re-perusal), it will satisfy him. Here has been no attempt to dazzle the eye by splendour of imagery,—no attempt to overpower by pomp of diction;—but the object has been merely to affect the soul. A total absence of art—intentional art—except perhaps of that kind which most usually results from very extensive reading and deep thought, pervades these sonnets. The author is fully sensible that this species of composition is not considered as adapted to the genius of the English language, and that he may not be more successful than countless others of the writers in this country, in entitling himself to their approbation; but he trusts that the rules which he has here laid down

for the construction of true sonnets will suffice to inform others, who may be willing to devote themselves to this species of composition, so masterly when written according to the exact rules of art and made the vehicle of one fine thought well expressed, according to the language of poetry. He trusts that the time will come when every idea of their incompatibility with the genius of the English language will be removed from the mind, and when numberless volumes bearing this title will appear in the libraries of English literature. He trusts too that this volume will be treated with indulgence by all who are aware of the difficulty with which so many sonnets have been composed, in no forms but those which were adopted by Petrarch, and followed by all who have been desirous of treading in his steps.

It has been no easy task to make a selection from the sonnets written by the author, twelve hundred, at least; for, although some may be superior to others in thought and expression, yet they are all parts of one whole; and it is to be hoped that the present volume will be favourably viewed by those censors of the public press, the opinion of whom is so influential on the minds and tastes of the great body of readers. His deficiency in highly poetic diction, whether original or borrowed, which is regarded by many as the essence, not as the dress, of the Muse, and which would have given a greater glow to his graphic pieces, the author trusts will be considered as counterbalanced by the ten-

dency of the whole. He is proud to say, and takes this opportunity of expressing his sense of the obligation, that he has been eulogized by many persons of high and universally admired talent; consequently he will entertain hopes of a kind reception not only from his numerous patrons, but also from the public, whose decision with respect to the present volume must regulate his future plans. If approved, he will be induced to publish other volumes: one, of subjects confined exclusively to *Chudleigh*, another *Literary*, and a collection of Miscellaneous Sonnets and Translations, in which he will pay a tribute of respect to many beloved individuals, whom he has been obliged to omit in the present, lest it should have been almost entirely of private interest. He will indulge the hope, as long as it may be possible, that what is designed to affect and improve the heart, will not be mercilessly condemned by critics, who by their profession are regarded as taking an interest in the diffusion of that which is intended to improve the young, and to give pleasure to those who are advanced in their journey of life, and from whom both Heaven and Earth justly expect the clearest proofs of their not having passed their many days in vain.

TO THE MUSE.

WHAT is thy purpose, melancholy Muse,—
 That ever on my waking thoughts attendest,
 And e'en in Slumber's hours thy magic lendest,
 To deck the scene with Fancy's vivid hues?

With me thou tread'st the late and early dews :
 Thou many a ramble wild thy votary sendest :
 Thou, who at will his pliant spirit bendest,—
 Oh ! never to his breast thy boons refuse :—

Designest thou with bay to grace his hair,
 And lead him to the pile by Fame erected ?—
 Time shall alone the will of Fate declare ;—

Many alive, the gifts of Honour share,
 Whose reign is brief ; while some who were neglected
 By their coevals, are fond Memory's care !

TO HOPE.

Thou hang'st thy dazzling glories in the sky,
 Long vanish'd Hope ! once more, aye, yet once more !
 And fain thou wouldst attract my tearful eye,
 As thou hast done so oft, so oft, before !

With thine the hues of Iris cannot vie,
 Nor those which spread transcendent beauty o'er
 Juno's proud bird, or the rich canopy
 Of Phœbus, when he ends his daily tour !

Thy brilliance moves me not ! Oft have I found
 Thy brightness evanescent as a dream,
 When Sleep, retiring, hath our limbs unbound ;

Now it illumes the darkness, with its gleam,
 That Grief and Fear diffuse my steps around ;
 But soon dense shades again will hide thy beam !

TO GRANDEUR.

Say, hast thou, Grandeur, 'mid thy stores a pleasure
 Like that of pensive Beings on the edges
 Of lonely streams, reflecting trees—flow'rs—sedges,
 Or when their steps the woods melodious measure?—
 Or when on shady rocks, with Peace and Leisure,
 They rapturous view, (reclining on their ledges)
 Autumn's rich tints, or Spring's ambrosial pledges
 Of future fruits, which yield the bees' sweet treasure?
 Such bliss was mine in life's delicious morning;
 When oft I saw day's first and latest glory,
 While brightest colours were the skies adorning!—
 And oft I've ask'd the thoughtful young and hoary,
 What are thy boasts, and they, thy brilliance scorning,
 Show'd me the page of true and fictious story!—

TO KNOWLEDGE.

The first faint glimmer thro' the leafy trees
 Reveals the coming of the Queen of Night ;
 And how mine eye with charm'd attention sees
 The scarcely-peeping mild celestial Light !

There, there it rises higher by degrees ;—
 The topmost boughs are now becoming bright
 With the bright orb, and now itself it frees
 From the dark screen ! 'Tis wholly now in sight !

Thus, Knowledge, lovely to the thoughtful mind,
 Are thy first beams ! How they its darkness cheer !—
 When more confirm'd still lovelier them we find !

And what sweet bliss thou giv'st when bright appear
 The mind's dark corners ! Thou 'rt by Heav'n design'd
 To form thy children for th' Eternal sphere !

TO RELIGION.

With ineffectual toil, the Pow'r Supreme
 I sought along the mead which flow'rets bore ;—
 Thro' a dense woodland ;—by a mazy stream ;—
 On heights ;—in valleys ;—by the wavy shore ;—

Nor Him I found within the solar beam ;—
 Nor in Night's radiance. What I could explore
 I saw, with proofs of his existence teem :
 His certain stamp it had, but nothing more !

But thou, *Religion* ! canst unveil his face !
 Shall, then, man's bosom feel no love for *thee*,
 And seek thee not within thy hallow'd place ?—

How clearly there the eye of Faith can see
 The ever-living God of Truth—Love—Grace !
 There man can learn to meet Eternity !

TO AN OFFICER IN AN EAST INDIAMAN,
ON HIS DEPARTURE.

When, Youth ! once more thou plough'st the briny deep
And 'neath thy bounding keel the waves are heaving,
And fast thou art thy native England leaving,
Fix'd on thy home the eye of fondness keep ;

Thence oft parental love will banish sleep :—
And thy fond friends thy fancied form perceiving,
Will for thine absence ceaselessly be grieving,
And oft will sigh for thee, and oft will weep.—

Of them be mindful too, tho' far the sails
Thy vessel bear along th' expanse of ocean,
(May Fortune fill them with auspicious gales !)

And as in Heav'n love filial much avails,
Pray for thy kindred with thy soul's devotion,
And thou wilt find Religion never fails !

TO FANCY,

ON SEEING THE WEATHER EXTREMELY FINE ON CHRISTMAS-
DAY : AFTER MANY DAYS OF GLOOM AND RAIN.

Fancy, was it thy thought that this fair day,
(A sight so new and pleasing to our eyes!)
Is Nature's purposed effort to display
At this all-hallow'd Feast, unclouded skies?—

To this my question, thou repliest, "Yea!"
It matters not; the thought I still will prize,
And o'er my bosom it shall hold its sway,
Tho' Reason may my fond conceit despise!

I marvel not that Nature takes delight
In making Winter almost rival Spring:—
Well may the landscape smile;—the sun shine bright

It is the birthday of Salvation's King!—
Heav'n's blessing, which should grateful hearts excite,
With voices join'd, the hymn of praise to sing!

TO THE LATE REV. HUGH JAMES ROSE, B.D.

PRINCIPAL OF KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON, ETC. ETC.

'Mid Granta's sons, who throng'd thy words to hear,
 Servant of Christ, in blessed Mary's fane,
 None heard them ever with more heedful ear;—
 None, more than I, instruction strove to gain.

Thou sawest down my cheek the frequent tear
 Of rapture roll while list'ning to thy strain :
 Thy strain so grand,—so solemn,—so sincere !
 Truth with thy tongue could never plead in vain.

Thy sage advice oft since, with reverent eye,
 Well pleased I've *read*, so faithfully it shows
 To Jesus' priests to *teach*, and *live*, and *die*.—

But since Life's spark no longer in thee glows,
 And blessed now thou art eternally,
 Thy works I more and more shall prize, loved ROSE !

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

The mourning groves assume a deeper cast :
 Wild-birds no longer warble in their bow'rs :
 The wither'd foliage rustles with the blast,
 And, oft, is laid upon the ground, in show'rs ;
 The landscape's glowing tints diminish fast ;
 The sadden'd sky with brooding tempests low'rs ;
 The verdant beauties of the meads are past,
 And bees forsake their pale and scentless flow'rs !
 Incessant is the change of nature's round !—
 At first, sweet Spring expands the blossoms gay,
 And with her vivid colours paints the ground ;—
 Then, o'er the scene bright Summer holds his sway ;
 Next, Autumn bids Pomona's gifts abound,
 And lastly, Winter rules the cheerless day !

ON A LOCK OF A DEPARTED FATHER'S HAIR, ADDRESSED TO
HIS SHADE : WRITTEN FOR A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

On the loved lock which graced thy reverend head,
O my lost Father ! whom I held most dear,
I drop full oft the grief-expressing tear !—

Why art thou number'd with th' unconscious dead ?—

Thy hallow'd place of rest I often tread,
In silent night's dark hours, devoid of fear ;—
Thee I again would see ; thy voice would hear,
And sigh to share thy darkness-covered bed !—

Departed Sire, forgive my poignant woe !
Forgive me, if I would thy soul recal,
And once more make thee human sorrows know !

Thou, sainted One ! art now where amaranths blow
In Heav'n's fair bow'rs, where bliss is felt by all !
Bliss not to be conceived by us below.

ON A STREAMLET.

The headlong rill which hurries down the steep,
 And thro' a rocky valley gurgling flows,
 Until within a lake its waters sleep,
 Mortals invites to yield to soft repose :

An angel to the heedful pilgrim shows
 Reflection, who doth near her vigils keep,
 And while her face with heavenly feeling glows
 She speaks, and Naiads, sitting round her, weep :—

“ Thine hours, O mortal, hurry, as this stream,
 “ Onward, and never, never will return :
 “ Thy life, alas ! is fleeting like a dream :

“ Soon will thy name be drawn from Death's huge urn,
 “ And then thy tongue will sing th' angelic theme,
 “ Or fire for aye will round thy spirit burn !”

ON SEEING A VERY OLD VILLAGER EXTREMELY ATTENTIVE
AT CHURCH.

I marvel not, old rustic, that thine ear
Is so upraised, and on thy wrinkled face
Delight is visible, while a theme so dear
As Heav'n, employs my tongue in this blest place.

Long hast thou worshipp'd God in holy fear ;
Long hast thou felt the influence of his grace ;
Thy days are full-nigh spent, and Heav'n's bright sphere
Richly will pay thee for thy godly race.

A pauper's garb thy bending form invests :
Hoary and old, not less by toil than years,
And every look thy poverty attests :

Much thee I love to view : and oft mine ears
Thy godly converse heed. On thee peace rests ;—
In righteous age what dignity appears !

WRITTEN AT VERSAILLES, IN THE SLEEPING-ROOM OF THE
UNFORTUNATE LOUIS XVI.

Thy boons, O Fortune ! are uncertain things,
And oft, like tempest-driven vapours, flee.
Jewell'd and gorgeous-robed and potent kings,
No more than lowly rustics are to thee !
This to my thought the scene before me brings ;
The murder'd sov'reign's chamber now I see !
Here Peace o'er him asleep outspread her wings :
Here oft he, pious, bent to God his knee !
Born in the splendid scenes of royal pow'r,
Destined he seem'd to fill a stedfast throne,
Whereon the clouds of woe would never low'r ;
But what a horror-fraught reverse was shown !
A prison saw him linger many an hour :—
A bloody death !—May it his sins atone !

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

No more wild Winter thro' the skies careers ;
 Now Desolation stays her baleful wings :—
 See, Nature all her treasures forward brings ;—
 Now the green-vestur'd season re-appears !

The voice of God the wildest tempest hears,
 And sinks to rest ! Hark ! how the woodland rings
 When morn awakes her minstrels' carollings,
 And with her smiles the whole creation cheers.

Balm-dropping Zephyrs speed their sportive way,
 O'er regions richly deck'd with Flora's train.
 How azure is the sea ! How bright the day !

Tranquillity like this will ever reign
 Where saints etherealized the Lord obey,
 And join his angels in their rapturous strain !

TO MEDITATION.

O Meditation ! deign with me to stray,
Whether the dale or billowy shore I tread,
Or thro' the mead with painted blooms bespread,
Or thro' a shady wood I bend my way :--

Whether the scene be bright with Phœbus' ray,
Or whether Night hath glitt'ring o'er my head
Her silv'ry moon display'd of Him instead,
And stars by myriads almost rival day !

Then, while by thee my soul His pow'r is taught,
Who with His word made all these wonders fair,
And drew Existence from the gulph of Nought ;

How canst thou fail to lead my steps to Pray'r,
That with her aid His favour may be sought
To shield me ever with His heav'nly care ?

TO THE DEITY.

What tongue, O God ! thy mercy can declare ?
 What heart conceive for guilty man thy love ?
 Thou show'st thy glory in the scene above,
 In glitt'ring orbs, bright clouds, and rainbows fair !

The World thou deckest with especial care ;—
 Wonders await us ev'ry step we move ;—
 Nature a web of loveliness hath wove
 To spread o'er earth—o'er ocean's tracts—o'er air !

Thy grandeur in Creation's forms appears
 To make man praise Thy name, and long to view
 Thy face effulgent in th' angelic spheres :—

But more the *Gospel* Thee to man endears :
 There Jesus points to Heav'n the passage true,
 Who died to change to peace the sinner's fears !

TO THE MUSE.

On my young cheek a smile was wont to play,
 When tenderly, loved Muse ! my mother cried,
 “ Winter, dear boy ! now rules the cheerless day !
 “ Then wherefore seek the rock or streamlet’s side ?”

She knew not that my bosom own’d thy sway ;
 That to thy shade-embosom’d seat I hied,
 When from my father’s door I sped my way ;—
 She knew not why at home so oft I sigh’d !

Thy sylvan residence I eager sought, *rust.*
 Led by a Spirit, thro’ the murkiest night ;
 To be by thee the charms of Nature taught ;—

All objects touch’d by thee seem’d heav’nly bright
 A force unknown thou gav’st to ev’ry thought,
 And madest Poesy my chief delight !

TO THE LIFE BOAT.

Thou Boat, by Science taught to ride the waves
 And stem the fury of th' impelling blast
 Which o'er the billowy mountain-masses raves,
 While on the tost bark Pity looks aghast ;—

Thy buoyant form the struggling seaman saves,
 When Death, to seize his prey, approaches fast ;—
 Preserved from Ocean's sightless, dripping caves,
 His God he thanks for every peril past !

Faith, like thyself, can snatch from Time's vast deep
 All who thro' perils, steer their course to gain
 Heav'n's peaceful shores, when storms its billows sweep !

Access may millions to her bark obtain,
 And with delight and grateful feelings weep,
 When they have reach'd th' Eternal's blest domain !

TO MEMORY.

Thou, viewless Power, who canst with magic art,
Bring close the distant and the lost restore,
Perform for me thy marvel-working part,
And let me see my youth and home once more !

Let me, in thought, the meadows wander o'er,
Where others and myself, with buoyant heart,
Sported, when all the gloss of freshness wore,
And Mirth with flow'rets cover'd Sorrow's dart.—

My wish thou hast fulfilled ! Lo ! here I see
My boyhood's scenes array'd in verdant vest :—
Again we all are full of guileless glee :—

We range the wood, we climb the lofty tree.
The starting tears my inward joy attest—
Then, oh ! accept my thanks, dear Memory !

TO MY DEPARTED BROTHER.

Thou ever wast a treasure in my sight,
 My dear, dear Brother ! torn by Fate away,
 Long ere thy life had reach'd its middle day,
 My richest treasure, and my best delight !—

Oft by thy side I trod the rocky height,
 And join'd with thee in youth-delighting play :—
 With thee I bent beneath Instruction's sway :—
 Who could, like thee, mine utmost powers excite ?—

Thou hadst my love ! this well to thee was known :
 But could I raise thee from thy clay-cold bed,
 It should by words and actions more be shown !

With thee, pure Friendship seems, dear Spirit ! flown ;
 But though a myriad prized me in thy stead,
 All, all I would resign for thee alone !

TO THOUGHT.

Ah ! what an ever-restless thing art thou,
 O Thought ! in one brief moment how thou fliest !—
 Now o'er wild Ocean's briny waves, and now
 The darksome caves in Earth's deep breast thou spiest !
 Now 'neath the woodland's green and shadowy bough
 Heeding the linnet's lay of love, thou liest !
 Now where fierce Sol lays bare the mountain's brow—
 Now where the icebergs chilling rise, thou hiest !
 Reflection, thy sage mistress, is asleep !—
 Then, till she wake, obey the voice of Folly,
 And urge thy flight thro' th' air, and earth, and deep ;
 Back she will bid thy rapid pinions sweep,
 And yield thee soon to chast'ning Melancholy,
 Who, for thy roaming, thee will force to weep !

ON RECOVERING FROM VERY SERIOUS
ILLNESS.

Again I can inhale the balmy breeze :—

What a blest change for fever's noisome room !

Again mine hands with rapturous touch can seize

The lovely flowers which all the air perfume !

All Nature seems with wonders new to bloom,

And, more than wont, to clothe the fields and trees

With verdure ; while the joyous birds resume

Their lays,—the wood, and dale, and sky to please.

O Power benign (whose rule o'er all is spread

For all creation's weal), Thou, oft before,

Hast deign'd to raise me from a suffering bed !

But, if I thee forgot when pain was o'er,

Henceforward, may my steps by Grace be led,

Nor e'er transgress thy least injunction more !

TO SYMPATHY.

If, wash'd by rolling billows to the shore,
 I, not unmoved, the gasping shell-fish see,
 Thou inmost tenant of my bosom's core,
 Heav'n-born and heav'n-delighting Sympathy!

In what proportion should I feel the more,
 Thy sway resistless exercised in me,
 When human anguish trembles at my door,
 In every varied form of misery?

Were Fortune kind, that pleading ne'er in vain
 Would be: Thou know'st the secrets of mine heart;
 That ne'er I aid refuse, devoid of pain;—

But even then the source of bliss thou art:
 My heart's approval is my constant gain,
 With which, for nought terrestrial, I would part!

TO GOD.

A hallow'd name I wrote upon the sand
 Of the sea-marge. Eternal Sire! 'Twas thine!
 And oft I view'd the labour of mine hand,
 To see if well were form'd each sacred sign!

Deep all were drawn, and would, I hoped, withstand
 The flood returning of the wavy brine;—
 But back it hasted to the bounds of land,
 And swept away each trace of my design!—

'Tis thus, O heav'nly Father! on mine heart
 Thy finger, as on stone in days of yore,
 Inscribeth oft how good and great Thou art;—

But soon life's billows sweep its tablet o'er:
 Then, then all vestiges of Thee depart,
 And I am left the ravage to deplore!

TO NATURE.

Nature (by Heaven directed), how thine hand
 From Spring to Autumn, dresses meads and dells,
 And all Earth's tracts, with Flora's beauteous bells,
 While bees, delighted, see their stores expand!—

Thou, also, Ocean deck'st at Heav'n's command;—
 And when he shoreward, at thy bidding, swells,
 He throws out countless glossy, painted shells,
 To strew with lovely shapes the naked sand!—

With fragrance-teeming flowers they cannot vie
 The smell to charm, but bear the palm from them
 For one attraction;—still they please the eye!—

While Flora's boasts soon wither on their stem,
 And emblems are of man's mortality,—
 Shells form the Sea's unchanging diadem!

TO A FRIEND.

The lovely goddess of the humid bow,
Had arch'd her brightest hues in cloudy air,
And shed a wondrous grace on all below,
Making, like magic, charmless objects fair.

Mine heart again soon urged me to repair
Where I had felt the poet's transport-glow,
But I, alas ! no more found pleasure there ;
Iris had vanish'd with her painted show.

Accomplish'd friend, thus when I view'd with thee
The scenes, which were of loveliness devoid,
Therein mine eye was wont a charm to see :

But gone art *thou*, who wast so dear to me :
Thine absence hath th' illusive spell destroy'd ;
Careless or loathing, from them now I flee !

TO HUMAN ELOQUENCE.

Ere, Human Eloquence ! thy pow'r I knew,
 Nature's sweet accents charm'd my soul to tears ;
 Sublime instruction, in her haunts, I drew
 From the soft sounds which struck not Echo's ears !

And I imagin'd from the warbling spheres
 Music came down to earth ; and thus I grew
 Daily more raptured, from my boyhood's years,
 And I to Solitude, delighted, flew !

The voices which in lonely scenes I heard,
 From Nature's works sent forth, by me, then were
 Far, far to every human sound preferr'd ;

They taught me that creation's forms are fair ;
 From vice and ignorance my soul deterr'd,
 And bade me make God's will my chiefest care !

TO THE SEA.

COMPOSED AT DYMCHURCH, DURING VERY TEMPESTUOUS
WEATHER.

In pensive mood I tread the windy shore,
Where the swoll'n, lashing billows meet mine eyes ;
Breathless I hear their loud continuous roar ;
And the light sand, in clouds, beside me flies :—

The harsh-voiced sea-birds 'mid the black clouds soar ;
And while I pray for all whose passage lies,
O storm-beat Ocean-brine ! thy surface o'er,
Would that my musings here could make me wise !

Tho' in the bounds of time, I seem alone !
Man and his works are hidden from my view !
Away the ships which strew'd thy breast are flown :

Then may th' Eternal make mine heart his throne,
And with his unction sweet my soul imbue,—
That unction which to heavenly ones is known !

FANCY.

Fancy, one morning, led me to a height :
It seem'd not earthly, 'twas so wondrous fair ;
Flow'rs, woods, and streams, were offer'd to my sight,
And birds of gayest plumes attuned the air ;

The sun, unclouded, show'd his golden hair :
The summer skies with heaven's choice blue were bright
And loveliest spirits bade me welcome there,
With rosy wreaths and robes of purest white !

I was too happy,—when a cloud was seen ;
It burst, and thence a fiend ('twas Sorrow !) flew,
And in her hand she bore her weapon keen :

She pierced me, and a chain around me threw,—
Ruthless she dragg'd me from that world serene :
Now nought but gloomy objects meet my view.

TO THE EAGLE.

Thou, Eagle, monarch of the feathery race !
When sailing thro' the liquid-bosom'd sky,
View'st stedfastly the fount of light on high,
While other creatures shun his radiant face :

Thus on the ever-beaming Sun of grace,
So fraught with all-transcendant pow'r, may I,
My view delighted rivet, till I die,
And enter on mine endless dwelling-place.

The beauteous orb that fills the world with light,
But cannot with his splendour dazzle thee,
At length will set in never-ending night ;

The Sun of righteousness will e'er be bright ;
And oh, how blest will be eternity
Where his effulgence aye will cheer the sight !

TO THE MUSE.

O Muse ! oft have I wish'd th' enrapturing fire,
 Which in choice bards thou kindlest, fill'd my breast !
 Then what bold strains would issue from my lyre !
 Now humble lays my trivial pow'rs attest :

But by the dangerous boon which I require,
 My feeble reason might be quite oppress'd,
 And life itself beneath thy sway, expire !
 Thou art for nobler souls a fitter guest !

Thus she of Thebes, with Jove dissatisfied,
 Thro' jealous Juno's art, because he came
 Man-like to *her*, for him as Thunderer sigh'd !

But when her pray'r he granted, and in flame
 And his own splendour sought her, straight she died,—
 Heav'n's blaze to ashes turn'd her earthly frame !

TO A BLACKBIRD,

WHICH WAS SINGING IN MY GARDEN AT CAMBRIDGE.

Sweet bird, which sitting on a poplar near,
 Warblest from ruddy morn to ev'ning grey,
 I drink thy music with delighted ear,
 And sigh when duty calls my steps away ;

To me, an artless boy, such notes were dear,
 And summer oft, whole days, beheld me stray
 In Chudleigh's fairy woods and dells, to hear
 Thy jetty kindred sing their mellow lay !

There they are pouring still their liquid strains ;
 And Nature still is list'ning to their song,—
 While Spring with verdure clothes the hills and plains.

No more to me the heartfelt joys belong,
 Of wand'ring where spontaneous beauty reigns,
 Sooth'd with the music of the plummy throng !

TO GOD.

Luna sits cloudless on her car of light,
 And hark ! the peal of yonder steeple bells
 Is echoing from the woodlands, hills and dells,
 And seems design'd to lull the rest of night !

See ! countless stars, far more than diamonds bright,
 Rolling, as *He* their various orbs impels,
 Who in heaven's highest glory ever dwells,
 Glory, too great for even angels' sight !

To hallow'd themes this scene my soul inclines ;
 Pleased she indulges them, and ev'ry care
 Which earthward would attract her, she resigns.

Hear, Lord Almighty ! hear this fervent pray'r :
 Tho' in life's pilgrimage she mourns and pines,
 May she, at last, thine amaranth garland wear !

TO A LADY,

ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF HER, BY KIRKBY.

Sensations of delight pervade my breast,
 When gazing on thy picture, valued friend !
 Thou sittest there in Nature's tints confest :
 Tints which the painter can so sweetly blend :

So perfect are the features, coif and vest,
 That Fancy bids me to the words attend
 Which by thy lips, all-living, are addrest
 To those who view it. I mine ear will lend.—

No voice is heard ; but such is Fancy's spell,
 Methinks the silence marks a mother's mind :
 Musing on those her bosom loves so well !

Oh ! what soft language in those eyes I find !
 They, worthy lady, need no tongue to tell
 How good thou art ! How pious, meek, and kind !

TO MY BELOVED MOTHER.

By thee, dear Mother ! o'er whose darksome bed,
Summer now pours his beams in vain—by thee
Gladly mine infant love of flow'rs was fed ;
Their varied loveliness thou shew'dst to me :

By thee my steps through flow'ry tracts were led,
Where ne'er mine eye could aught but beauty see.
Throughout our home, exotics perfume shed,—
In sooth, it was fair Flora's treasury !

Thy love and use of Heaven's blest means of grace,
Faith bids me trust, have placed thee with thy God,
Where flow'rs unfading deck the lovely place :

Oh, when I've closed my toilsome earthly race,
With thee may those bright scenes by me be trod,—
With thee may I behold th' Eternal's face !

TO CHUDLEIGH.

Too much I prized thee, spot, where I was born :
 A spot whose charms the Muse admiring sees :
 Thy woods, thy dales, thy rocks, thy meads, where bees,
 Till Even's hours, are brisk from earliest Morn.

All other scenes I well nigh view'd with scorn :
 Low seem'd the heights : all pale the greenest trees :—
 Less sweetly sang the birds and play'd the breeze :
 And of the rose I only saw the thorn.

This mark'd, displeased, th' Almighty One on high,
 Whose lowest work a wondrous pow'r displays,
 And calls for Admiration's stedfast eye :

From thee apart He bade me pass my days.
 Hopeless of thee I think, and weep and sigh :
 And, like a vulture, Sorrow on me preys.

TO A LADY.

Lady ! the more we view th' expanded rose,
 The richer is she found in brilliant dyes ;
 More lavish charms her scented folds disclose
 To fascinate th' observer's rapturous eyes.

Thus, when thy mental flow'rs I scrutinize,
 On me the search a greater meed bestows ;
 Their varied loveliness still more I prize ;
 I see thy charms a beauteous whole compose :—

But as mine eye thy worth and talents views,
 Tracing with rapture multiplied thy store,
 A tear of soft regret its lid bedews ;

Deeming this bliss, alas ! will soon be o'er,
 And Fate obdurate will the boon refuse
 Ever to gaze upon thy lustre more !

TO THE SEA.

Thou, with thy mirror, dost reflect, O Sea !
That mirror which extends from pole to pole,
The tints of thy celestial canopy,
Which, varying constantly, affect thy whole !

How, Proteus-like, thou typifiest the soul,
Which bears the stamp of sweet serenity,
When 'neath Religion's sway her passions roll !
Sin is to *her* what tempests are to thee !

When thy wide realms are one continuous blue,
Then Peace seems seated with thee on thy throne,
And, charm'd, mine eyes your joint dominion view ;

And higher transport by my heart is known,
When on its tablet shineth Heav'n's own hue,
And all distaining clouds away are flown !

TO THE FOUR GREAT POETS OF ITALY,—DANTE, PETRARCA,
 ARIOSTO, AND TASSO : MEDALLIONS OF WHOM HANG OVER
 THE MANTEL-PIECE OF MY STUDY, AT DYMCHURCH.

Great Tuscan poet, by thy father-land,
 For peerless grandeur justly styled divine :
 And thou, who wilt for aye unrivalled stand
 For sweet chaste sonnets hung on Laura's shrine :

Thou, who hadst Fancy ever at command,
 And bright for chivalry wilt always shine :
 And thou, Christ's pious bard, whose magic hand
 Struck Truth's own lyre in rescued Palestine !

Italia's boasts ye are ; and one small part
 Of your high worth,—your Heav'n-descended fire,
 Might satisfy a glory-loving heart.

Yet might I aim to sweep the Muse's lyre,
 Like one of you, by Nature blest and Art,
 Tasso, 'twere thee !—What more could bard desire ?

TO TASSO,

ON READING HIS LAMENT, AS IT IS EXPRESSED BY
THE UNRIVALLED LORD BYRON.

Like thee, great Tasso,—as our Harold tells
In thy Lament, which ever dims mine eyes
With rapturous dew-drops, and mine heart compels
To force a passage for a thousand sighs :—

Like thee, from childhood's years I loved the dyes
Which Nature paints on Flora's rural bells,
And rocks and woods, with waving canopies,—
And there e'en now my spirit fondly dwells :

Like thee, I Nature loved, and cull'd the flow'rs
Wherewith she deck'd her scenes ; and oft I lay,
In her wild haunts entranced, unbroken hours !

Like thee, if Genius fired me with her ray,
Bonds had I scorn'd, the mean oppressor's powers,
Night's hideous dreams, and the long griefs of day.

TO THE BAY-TREE.

Must thou by me, O rapture-waking Bay !
Whose foliage poet-brows so envied graces,
Be sought thro' deserts wild, in dang'rous places ?
To thee, ne'er wearied, I will urge my way !

And when arrived where bright thy boughs display
Their verdant leaves, tho' forms with fiercest faces
Themselves present, whereat chill Terror chases
Backward such crowds, I will no fear betray !

Fain would I carry to my native scene
Thy glorious wreath, and on a tree suspending
The trophy—proud the Genius were, I ween !

And to my joyful words his audience lending,
Grateful he would accept the off'ring green,
And vow to me affection never-ending !

TO MY SOUL.

I love to sit and watch the kindling flames,
 Bursting from 'neath the incumbent heavy mass
 Of the mine's gift : then Thought my bosom claims,
 And earth's illusions swift as shadows pass ;

Then I behold myself in wisdom's glass :
 Then Wealth, and Pomp, and Grandeur (specious names !
 Which vitiate oft the sons of men,) alas !
 I value not : tho' Time my Judgment blames !

And then I turn to thee, thou Soul of mine !
 And ask thee whither thou dost also rise,
 'Bove the dense masses which thy pow'rs confine ?

And bid thee break Sin's chain and seek the skies,
 Like yon material flames, which brightly shine ;
 For ever cleansed from all impurities !

TO BOTANY.

Mine infant love of flow'rs each summer gain'd
 In me th' ascendancy o'er all beside :
 And, flush'd with hope, to pastoral spots I hied,
 Or shore, or mountain, which their charms contain'd :

For them I many a boyish sport disdain'd,
 Tho' with each other for mine heart they vied :
 Each after each, have all my pleasures died,
 But this sweet source of transport is not drain'd !

Thou, Botany ! hast long to me display'd
 The lovely structure of innum'rous flow'rs,
 And of amusement hast instruction made.

No objects more reveal th' Almighty's pow'rs :
 By none more pleasure is to man convey'd :
 None more deserve the pensive student's hours !

THE WIDOW'S SON AT NAIN.

Th' Eternal's Christ, who down from Heav'n was sent,
 To bring this suff'ring world a cure for woe,
 Thro' Palestine his course of mercy bent !
 Death fled before his steps, tears ceased to flow.

To Nain he came:—Hark to that loud lament !
 See that funereal train advancing slow !
 A widow's son demands affliction's vent :
 Her feeble spirit sinks beneath the blow !

Praised be the Lord of Heav'n : his blessed Son,
 This mournful scene converts to peace and joy :
 His sov'reign will, as soon as said, is done !

Th' enraptured mother clasps her living boy :
 Awe and delight thro' all the assembly run !
 Their tongues in wonder, all, and praise employ !

TO IMAGINATION.

Nought it imports with whom thy votaries dwell,
 Imagination ! or what scenes they view :
 Thou art the mistress of a potent spell,
 And all things canst destroy, and form anew :
 The waste, by thee, becomes the bow'ry dell ;
 The marsh, adorn'd with flow'rs of ev'ry hue ;
 The plain thou biddest into mountains swell,—
 Founts gush in deserts,—gems thou form'st of dew !
 And for thy wondrous newly-moulded scene,
 Thou canst therein meet habitants prepare ;
 Angels in intellect—in will—in mien,
 ' How much I love thee may my verse declare !
 E'en from my boyhood's days I thine have been,
 And may I be till death thy constant care !

TO A ROSE-TREE.

Oft on thy charms, lov'd tree ! mine eye would rest,
 When in sweet Spring, and Summer's gladsome days,
 In Flora's brilliant robe I saw thee drest,
 And thee the sun adorn'd with vivid rays !

When those bright hues were fled, and thy gay vest
 Of red was gone, still I was wont to gaze
 On thy green foliage, pleased : now Time's behest
 That, too, hath soil'd ! Thine ev'ry charm decays !

Thus 'twill be soon with me ! Past are life's flow'rs,
 And less its leaves display of cheerful green
 Than in fair youth,—and Autumn o'er me low'rs.

Of freshness stript, my form will soon be seen,—
 Age with chill hand will wither all my pow'rs,
 And leave no trace behind of what has been !

TO RELIGION.

WRITTEN ON A SUNDAY.

I on my flageolet would gladly play
 A solemn strain, my humble soul to raise,
 One soothing to mine heart : a song of praise,
 While eve is closing in this hallow'd day.
 But all the sounds are wildly blown away
 By the rude blast, which Music's ear dismays ;
 While the near sea its turbulence obeys,
 And earth is troubled by their two-fold sway.
 Religion ! this an emblem is of thee :
 When thou to man would'st fervently rehearse
 His worth, his word who rules eternity,
 Vain is th' attempt,—Misrule and Revelry,
 On th' ambient air the holy sounds disperse :
 None will they heed, save those of boisterous glee.

TO THE DEITY.

Wildly the storm is hurrying thro' the skies
 On thunder-sounding wings : and hark ! the shore
 Is echoing with the billows' wintry roar,
 While Night's black mantle on the landscape lies !

To Thee my spirit, heav'nly Father, tries,
 Upborne by Faith and Love, for Peace to soar,
 And fain from *Thee* would gain that precious store
 Which renders thine adorers truly wise !

The air, methinks, I cleave—thy glory see :
 Thou seem'st to smile upon my prostrate soul,
 And bidd'st her hope that Heav'n her home will be.

Blest thought ! Then may the seasons swiftly roll,
 While she enjoys a sweet serenity,
 And longs to reach her everlasting goal !

TO POETRY.

On me kind Nature feelings soft bestow'd;
 And from my childhood's days her gentle pow'r
 Was prov'd, when rock I saw, or grove, or flow'r,
 Or wander'd by a rill that murmuring flow'd.

Fair seem'd all objects that to me she show'd!
 Ay, all look'd deck'd with jewels, and each hour
 By me spent musing in the woodland bow'r
 A moment seem'd—my heart so rapturous glow'd.

She prompts my verse. O transport infinite,
 Dear Poesy, might it thine impress bear,
 And Worth and Talent greet it with delight!

This wish my bosom fills with anxious care,—
 Sleepless I often pass the tedious night,
 Or in too transient dreams thy garland wear.

TO RELIGION.

Religion, in my dream, from Heav'n descended,
 In form seraphic and in robes of white :
 She came by Music's sweetest sounds attended,
 And Darkness fled astonish'd at the sight ;

“Mortal,” she cried ; “by Heaven thou art befriended,
 And at His word I left the realms of light !
 By me Earth's sons from Sorrow are defended !
 My gifts are perfect peace and garlands bright !”

I answer'd : “ Gracious visitant from Heaven,
 Full many a pang pervades mine inmost breast,
 And but for thee to madness I were driven.

Yea ! thou canst turn my troubled state to rest !
 Oh may my sins, through Jesus, be forgiven ;
 And, dying, may I join th' immortal blest !”

TO POETRY.

WRITTEN OCTOBER 21ST, 1839.

A lowly dwelling holds this form of mine,
 But hither, Poetry, thou art invited !
 How with thy visit I should be delighted !
 And for thy brow some flow'rs I still can twine.

I know that Fortune hath few smiles of thine !
 Thou in her splendid domes seem'st scarce excited,
 And all her boasts to win thy love united,
 Hardly can draw from thee one languid line !

But sordid roofs oft seem to give thee pleasure;
 Thy greatest favourites have the pauper's fare,
 And thy boons constitute their only treasure !

But what bright beams reveal thy presence there !
 What bliss can match the breast-enrapt'ring leisure,
 With thee enjoy'd ? Then haste my home to share !

TO PROVIDENCE.

Heav'n's Providence, why should mine heart at thee
Oft fretful rise, tho' doom'd to Life's dark vale :
Where, though so low, Time's blasts my roof assail,
And Sorrow's features oft I 'neath it see ?

All-wise thou art and bountiful to me.
Deserted by the world, I never fail
Thy care to prove,—thy spirit to inhale.
When to thine arms in Grief's sad hours I flee !

So strange I am, and oft I rise so high,
When bright conceptions flash upon my mind,
That scarce my mortal state affects mine eye :

In that excitement, thou, supremely kind,
Bidd'st Anguish come, with Grief and Penury,
The charm to break, that I thine aid may find !

THE DREAM.

Bright, like reality, my dream portray'd
 Devon's fair scenes, which charm'd mine infant eyes :
 I saw their beauties as the orient skies
 The solar orb, in perfect pomp display'd.

Methought again along the woods I stray'd,
 To cull their aromatic brilliant dyes ;
 And hear glad Nature's concert heav'nward rise,
 To praise that Power who all her wonders made !

The lovely flatt'rer let me also see
 My dearest kindred, and the well-known spot
 Which saw my birth and youth's hilarity !

Ye objects ! which ne'er waking are forgot :
 Sleep, who before him makes the real flee,
 Strives vainly from my mind your tints to blot.

TO THE SUN.

Thou glorious orb, whence issue streams of gold
 To make one dazzling whole the scenes of day ;
 What eye uncharm'd thy grandeur can behold ?—
 What tongue to thee refuse a rapturous lay ?

Thou biddest Spring her loveliest stores display ;
 And Autumn's fields their golden wealth unfold ;—
 Thou biddest e'en the wintry waste be gay.
 Thou, like thy Maker, never growest old !

So beautiful thou art,—so heavenly bright :—
 So fair a type of Him who rear'd the skies,
 And all things form'd,—the Lord of boundless might !

That in my bosom ne'er it wakes surprise,
 If lands unblest with pure Religion's light
 Should suppliant view thee with adoring eyes !

TO A HEART'S-EASE.

ON SEEING IT GROW IN ONE OF THE WALKS OF A NEGLECTED
GARDEN.

The wind's caprice hath made thee ope thy dyes,
Sweet Pansy, where tall weeds their shades are spreading,
Where thy dwarf brilliant form defenceless lies
To every foot that is this pathway treading :

Whene'er thou dost ('tis oft !) attract mine eyes,
My spirit thy sad destiny is dreading ;
And in my breast the painful feelings rise
That o'er my mind are gloomy influence shedding.

Thou art, methinks, by magic pow'r divested
Of thy frail Summer being, which must end
Ere oft from toil again the swain hath rested :

And seem'st a lovely maid without a friend,
In Life's drear road, by Vice and Wrong infested,—
Where Danger and Mischance her course attend !

TO MORNING.

There was a time, when, Morn ! I lov'd to view
The peerless charms thou open'st to the eye !
Oft pain-unmingled happiness I knew,
Beholding thy bright tints adorn the sky !

My voice then join'd the woodland melody,—
Then on my cheek was stamp'd Health's rosy hue :—
Care ruffled not my bosom with a sigh,
Now Joy hath bid my soul a long adieu !

World-cheering Morn ! thy sight I hail no more;
Rather I court Grief's more congenial scene,
When Night's dark wing hath shadow'd all things o'er !

Smile thou for those whom Sorrow's weapons keen
Yet have not pierc'd—who need not yet deplore,
That clouds envelope what was once serene !

TO MEMORY.

Oh, what a wondrous pow'r thou, Mem'ry ! hast,—
 And wondrous is thy mansion in the brain !
 Within what little space thou bindest fast
 Forms numberless in thy mysterious chain !

And at thy bidding thence canst bring again
 What from the body's eye hath long-since past :
 Yea, what can wound the soul with sharpest pain,
 Or o'er the brow the beams of pleasure cast !

Oh ! subtle mistress of a pow'r so strange,
 At slightest touch to ope thy secret cells,
 And all thy shapes to act their parts arrange :

The man is blessed who with Virtue dwells,—
 His rest thou canst not to disquiet change,
 The more with thee his breast with rapture swells.

TO MY BEST BELOVED.

Lady ! thine accents to my raptur'd ear
Are soft as Music's soul-entrancing lyre,
When touch'd by those whom in this earthly sphere
Her pow'rs of magic influence most inspire :

But there are moments when thy voice so dear
Fails to fulfil my panting heart's desire ;—
Fails to restrain sad Memory's gushing tear,
Or quench Affliction's slow-consuming fire !

What then can charm or tranquillize my breast,
Save the dense woodland's gloom-encompassed wild,
Where nought disturbs its airy tenants' rest ?

Or the bold rock, with crag on crag up-pil'd,
Where lonely nature stands in horrors drest,
And God descends from Heav'n to Fancy's child ?

TO THE COTTAGE OF P. N. ESQ.

PAMPISFORD, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

WRITTEN 1827.

Thy view, fair cottage, fills with peace my heart !

Gay is thy front with jasmine, rose, and vine !

Bosom-attracting, void of pomp thou art :

Oh, that a tranquil home like this were mine !

How the birds crowd these blooming bow'rs of thine,

Thro' which the summer rays can never dart !

Yet here they seem with matchless blaze to shine :—

Early they visit thee and late depart !

The boasts of Nature and of human skill

Which deck thee, lovely spot, all eyes admire ;—

Mine most, that never here obtain their fill :

But more thou hast to rouse my feeble lyre,—

My breast with pure delight thy dwellers thrill,

By Virtue warm'd and true Religion's fire !

TO A YOUNG ITALIAN MUSICIAN.

With thee, Italia's boy, the upland road,
 Void of fatigue, one eve I sped along,
 Heeding thy converse sweet, and heav'nly song,—
 To *her* for whom thy breast with fervour glow'd;—

'Twas blessed Mary,—and thy fervour flow'd
 Into my bosom, and the thoughtless throng
 Who pass'd us by I heeded not; tho' wrong
 Haply the scene they deem'd, and marvel show'd.

O youthful stranger in my father-land!
 Long may Religion o'er thy breast preside,
 Then e'er thy pile of bliss unhurt will stand.

Love Him who liv'd on earth for man and died:
 Thro' Sorrow's paths He will with Mercy's hand
 Thy soul to everduring pleasure guide.

TO A VISION.

WRITTEN 1824.

Stay, Vision ! stay, and let me longer fold
 In my fond arms the sacred forms of those
 Thro' whom a place among mankind I hold,
 And whom I e'er shall love till life shall close :
 How sweet, in verity, was my repose !
 Fast down my cheeks the tears of pleasure roll'd,—
 I felt their kisses,—high my bosom rose,
 And knew more ecstasy than can be told !
 Alas ! obdurate One, thou wilt not hear :
 Gone, gone thou art, and nothing leav'st behind,
 Except my heart's wild throb and still warm tear :
 The vanish'd forms no longer can I find :
 Distant they are, and only now appear
 Unto the visual organ of the mind !

CHUDLEIGH ROCK.

There is a spot thro' which a stream is flowing,
 With lulling murmurs o'er its stony bed,
 Where trees and shrubs their boughs are wildly throwing,
 And where an ivied rock uplifts its head !

That spot I love more than the garden glowing
 With fairest flow'rs, and thither oft I sped,
 In happier days, and most when winds were strowing
 With leaves the soil, and Dian splendour shed.

There never could I bear a mortal sound !
 In nought but tinkling rills and foliage flutter'd
 By the wing'd breeze and sprites I pleasure found :

Oft I stood breathless on that fairy ground,
 Lest the sweet words its shadowy genius utter'd
 Should by a lowly child of earth be drown'd !

TO A MAN, WHO BEING CONSCIENCE-STRUCK AT CHURCH
WAS OFFENDED WITH THE PREACHER.

Hast thou, young mortal ! in the house of pray'r,
Where oft Religion mark'd thy careless eye,
And mien unmov'd, and mark'd it with a sigh,
At length been taught to feel God's presence there ?
At length hath Conscience laid thy bosom bare,
And hath a pointed weapon of the sky
(Thanks for the special blessing from on high !)
So pierc'd thee that the pain thou canst not bear ?
Then fly to Him who cures the anguish'd breast :
His was the wound, and His the cure will be,
If thou in Faith desire the medicine blest !
Fly to Him quick, while rack'd by Misery :
No opiate take to soothe thy soul deprest,
Lest thou awake to endless agony.

TO
A FRIEND WHO WAS VERY UNHAPPY.

I, like thyself, have seen Misfortune's sweep
Lay every hope of earthly comfort low :
Oft have I felt the tears of Sorrow flow,
And e'en my racking grief have prov'd in sleep.

But now less oft, less bitterly, I weep :
A medicine I have found to soothe my woe,—
With Hope again it bids my bosom glow,
And o'er it Peace and sweet Composure creep.

It is the Heav'n-produc'd unfailing balm
That Piety instils into the breast,
Diffusing there an inexpressive calm.

To cure thine anguish let *her* be addrest ;
Ease thou wilt find, and even the glorious palm
Which wreathes the immortal spirits of the blest.

TO A BARREN SCENE.

Here is no stream of liquid-silver, sweeping
 Thro' meads of flowers and verdure to the ocean ;
 No Naiad in her rocky cavern weeping ;
 No grove of oaks to suit our Sires' devotion :
 No ivy round a broken column creeping,
 Nor aught to fill my breast with soft emotion,—
 But Fancy, who in me is never sleeping,
 Drenches my spirit with Enchantment's potion.
 Now, now, this barren prospect is assuming
 The charms which deck the Poet's richest pages,—
 Colour'd with Painting's brilliant hues 'tis blooming :
 'Tis trod by saints and heros, bards and sages,
 Whom to oblivion Time will ne'er be dooming,
 Tho' his career extend to countless ages !

TO THE MUSE.

WRITTEN WHEN SUFFERING UNDER VERY SEVERE ILLNESS.

DYMCHURCH, MAY 1836:

Oft, lovely woodbine-crown'd and green-clad maid !
 On me, methinks, thy thrilling hands thou layest,
 And with a voice, sweet as the dove's, thou sayest :
 " Now come with me and seek the woodland shade."

" With thee, dear Muse !" I answer ; " oft I've stray'd :
 Nought can withhold my spirit when thou prayest ;—
 When thou thy fascinating arts displayest, —
 At once is heard thy summons and obey'd.

Away then, straight on Fancy's wings we fly,—
 Swifter than eagles ; and fair-featur'd Pleasure
 Awaits us with kind word, and hand, and eye.

Flow'rs bloom,—birds sing,—streams flow ;—blue is
 the sky ;—

Sorrow forsakes me : therefore of thy treasure
 Never, sweet maid, deprive me ere I die !"

TO THE BIBLE.

ON WALKING WITH ONE IN MY HAND IN THE BEAUTIFUL
WOODS NEAR CHUDLEIGH ROCK.

WRITTEN 1830.

What varied, lovely objects meet mine eye,
In fair diversity of dale and hill :
The meadow-tints the painter's pow'rs defy,
While thro' the verdure steals the silv'ry rill !
These woods and rocks their summits lift on high,
And seem eternal ; but th' Almighty will,
One day, in ruin bid them mingled lie,
And Nature, thunder-struck, with horror fill !
Thou, *Book most precious !* which I open hold,
Tell'st me that if this goodly frame decay,
Its matchless author never waxeth old :
That when His fiat bids it melt away,
Another will arise of heavenly mould,—
Th' abode of bliss and everlasting day !

TO EDUCATION.

Of lowly parents born, and lowly bred,
 And with his village peers, as peasants taught :
 Yon youth, the sharer of his father's shed,
 Hath an eye kindled with the torch of Thought !

Oft Milton's page is seen before him spread :
 And to the task his utmost pow'rs are brought
 To comprehend the bard, whose numbers fed,
 Perchance, his mental fire ; but all for nought !

O Education ! would, in thy kind sphere,
 Thine influence he had felt ! Perhaps that swain
 With Poesy might speed his bright career :

Perhaps, alive, the bay might be his gain :
 Perhaps Religion might bedew his bier
 With tears, and his tomb grace the poets' fane !

TO GENIUS.

Roses and lilies, scented briar and pea,
 And various flow'rs, whose brilliant breasts abound
 With perfume, which they wide diffuse around,
 Me, Genius, oft from study wand'ring see :

Amidst them my companion deign to be !
 Hear, while I view them with such beauty crown'd,
 For some attraction may in each be found,
 The prayer, with glowing heart, I pour to thee :

O'er my whole spirit spread thy quickening pow'r;—
 My thoughts exalt,—make sharp my mental eye :
 And let me match, at least, the meanest flow'r !

But fain I'd peer the rose in scent and dye ;
 Richly would deck the heav'nly muse's bow'r,
 Blooming for Time and for Eternity !

TO A BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

ON HIS SMILING ON ME WHILE I WAS BAPTIZING HIM.

DYMCHURCH, JULY 21ST, 1839.

Dost thou on me, O lovely infant, smile,
 While I, with holy language, on thy face,
 Shed hallow'd water, in this hallow'd place,—
 That Adam's stain may thee no more defile ?

Well may'st thou pleasure show : 'twill reconcile
 Thy soul to Him who gives the aids of grace
 To all who His appointed means embrace,
 And living serve Him,—stedfast, void of guile !

Thus may'st thou alway in thy sapient years
 Smile on Christ's envoy, when to thee he brings
 What to Reflection beautiful appears :—

The Gospel-mandate from the King of Kings—
 Fitting thy soul to quit the vale of tears,
 And reach the realms where Truth triumphant sings !

TO THE ENGLISH MUSE.

Somewhat I see within my cells of thought,
Which seems on all around to cast a light,
But know not whether 'tis the diamond bright,
With ever-during brilliance richly fraught;
Or whether Reason values it as nought :
E'en as a meteor which illumines night
One moment only in her cloud-veil'd flight,
And then in air its place is vainly sought.
If a bright jewel, it thy brows may gem,
England's loved Muse, till thou and Time expire,
And add fresh brilliance to thy diadem !
But if 'tis merely meteoric fire,
Vain is my toil Oblivion's flood to stem,
And brief the echo of my hapless lyre !

TO POETIC BEAUTY.

Thee e'er I view, Poetic Beauty, thee
 Much I admire, and thee full glad would gain :
 Oft, thou my gaze delightest 'neath a tree :
 Oft, lightly tripping near the azure main :

Oft, when thou bendest o'er the toiling bee,
 There, where sweet flow'rs adorn and scent the plain ;
 Or where the clear stream winds along the lea ;
 Or where the birds, bough-hidden, sing their strain.

But when I strive to gain thee, charming maid !
 From me thou fleest, in guise of empty air :
 And thou to me art what?—An empty shade !

Thus Fiction saith, that when Ixion laid
 On the feign'd Juno his fond hands : he there
 Had his love only with a cloud repaid !

TO MY LYRE.

Few are thy strings, my little lowly lyre !

And o'er those strings no master-hand is flung :

The fire within me is a soon-spent fire :—

But by my voice the lays of Truth are sung ! [inspire.

Flow'rs—rills—mounts—meads—my humble strains

The warblers, where in woods their homes are hung :

Heaven's vaults, the seas, and Nature's common Sire ;—

Chief, the fair scenes I dwelt within, when young !

Little thou own'st the sons of Earth to please,—

For what have they to do with such like themes ?

Blithe birds, brooks, breezes, blossoms, branches, bees !

Waking, the world they think on, and in dreams :

Time's boons to gain, employs their energies,

And how to bask in Fortune's brilliant beams !

TO MELANCHOLY.

DYMCHURCH, JULY 8TH, 1836.

Twilight's grey hues the clouds of sapphire stain,
 And to yon sycamore, church-circling trees,
 Motion is given by the new-born breeze,
 And, Melancholy ! 'tis thine hour to reign :

I feel thine empire o'er mine heart and brain,
 And weep, while o'er the landscape mine eye sees
 Even's dark veil extended by degrees :—
 Who knows if e'er I Morn shall hail again ?

Bodements of evil agitate my frame,—
 Wherefore, I know not. Thou, all-thoughtful maid !
 Shouldst none, except unruly passions, tame !

Shouldst my sad spirit in her efforts aid
 To fly to Him from whom her being came ;
 Who with his presence doth His realms pervade !

TO GOD.

WRITTEN ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING.

Thou yestere'en, kind God ! beheld'st my soul
 To Melancholy's pow'r a pensive prey :
 And big tears saw'st adown my visage roll :
 Thy father-hand hath wip'd them all away !
 Again I see fair Morning gild the pole :
 Again to me thou giv'st another day,
 And may I give to holy thought the whole,
 And not one moment go from Thee astray !
 It should be, gracious Father ! wholly thine.
 To me, by Thee, at Pity's pray'r 'twas given ;
 To make me love Thee better, Pow'r Divine !
 To Thee may I myself in all resign :
 And, when no longer mortal, soar to Heav'n,
 And see thy glory there unclouded shine !

TO HOPE.

No more, sweet Hope ! thy face my spirit cheers,
While I am hurrying to the grave my way :
Thou who wast wont on many a former day
Mine heart to soothe 'mid all my woes and fears !

How I shall miss thee in life's latter years !
Grief for thy loss will haste my frame's decay,
And Nature's debt, methinks, I soon shall pay,—
Tho' scarce on me Time's with'ring hand appears !

Sweet Hope ! if vanish'd from mine earthly eyes,
Oh ! mayst thou meet my spirit, when the tomb
Resigns his booty, summon'd by the skies :

Be my companion at the day of doom,—
Till heavenly Mercy bid me joyful rise
To the bless'd scene where flow'rs unfading bloom !

TO DEVON.

I loved to tread thy flow'ry meadows, sprinkled
 With dew-drops, Devon ! from mine earliest days :
 And rapture felt when they, bright-colour'd, twinkled,
 Illumin'd by th' unclouded solar rays :

And how I loved thy limpid streamlets, wrinkled
 By Zephyrs' wings,—while o'er the limpid maze
 They play'd, and moved the trees,—while softly tinkled
 The pebbled rill, to charm the woodland fays !

I was, in sooth, thou know'st, a pensive boy !
 And loved mine hours to pass, with sprites conversing !
 And I thence drew a strange and witching joy.

Such pleasures ne'er my youthful breast could cloy :
 I feel sweet pleasure when such themes rehearsing,
 And, young again, would thus mine hours employ !

TO THE SEA.

How beautiful thou art, O tranquil main !
I gaze upon thee with delighted eye,
While the bright mid-day sun adorns the sky,
Thou azure-tinted, jewel-spangled plain !

Didst thou, for aye, these glorious charms retain,
Whō would not o'er thy surface love to fly,
In white-wing'd barks that with the sea-birds vie,
And wealth and pleasure, lore and wisdom gain ?

Of Life thou art the emblem, changeful Sea !
Life, sometimes calm and smooth, as now thou art !
Then Time is priz'd above Eternity !

Soon Fate disturbs that calm, as tempests thee ;
And then the Christian yields his chasten'd heart
To Him who reigns in Heaven eternally !

TO CALAIS.

When standing, Calais ! by thy billowy roar,
 Spell-like, methought, times present pass'd away,
 And Scotia's Mary, 'mid the silv'ry spray
 Embark'd I saw to reach her native shore !

 She was as lovely as in fabled lore
 The Nereids were, but ah ! no longer gay.
 Tears bath'd her cheeks, and grief all-heavy lay
 On her young heart ! She France might see no more

 " Alas ! these restless seas," aloud she cried,
 " Soon, France beloved, will hide thee from my gaze ;
 But in thy realms my thoughts will ever dwell !

 Would with my royal consort I had died ;
 Fear whispers me that all my future days
 Are Hate and Sorrow's prey ! Farewell ! Farewell !"

TO A BEAUTIFUL APPLE-TREE,

IN MY FATHER'S ORCHARD AT CHUDLEIGH.

Well I remember in my being's spring,
 That I could match, dear tree, thy proudest height,—
 When scarce thy boughs could show one blossom bright
 To tempt the honey-seeking murmurer's wing !

Now oft the wildest birds within thee sing :
 In May's gay hours thou art one mass of white,
 Whereon Pomona looks with fond delight,
 And annual boons to her thy riches bring !

I sigh when I with thine my state contrast !
 The few fair flow'rets which my youth display'd
 Have felt the nippings of Affliction's blast :

Too soon their blushing tints were seen to fade ;
 Leaves void of fruit are all my promise past,—
 Or wither'd blossoms, chill'd by Sorrow's shade !

ON COLUMBUS

When fam'd Columbus dared the stormy main,
 And to far-distant bounds of Ocean sped,
 With manly bosom, unsubdued by dread,
 To give a new-discover'd world to Spain :

Amid the varied cares and gnawing pain,
 Which o'er his cheeks the hues of Anguish spread,
 By bright-beam'd Hope, with sweet illusion led,
 She whisper'd : "Fame will be thy mighty gain !"

An adverse Genius ruled his mournful doom,
 And gave his flatt'ring visions to the wind :
 He bore the marks of Envy, not of Fame !—

She chain'd his limbs and brought him to the tomb !
 That hemisphere, his skill alone could find,
 Bears a presumptuous claimant's—not *his* name !

TO EVENING.

Rich, softest Even, are the Summer skies,
 When o'er the sinking sun thy hands have strown
 Flow'rs, as it seems, of such bright, countless dyes,
 As in the bounds of Eden might have blown !

But soon they will no longer charm mine eyes,
 And a grey veil will meet my view alone,—
 Or twinkling stars : at most, the moon will rise,
 Her borrow'd beams by Night's dim contrast shown.

Nought to surpass the lovely Morn thou hast,—
 She at her birth is, e'en as thou art, fair :
 Nor with her dawning is her beauty past ;

Bright, more and more, are Ocean, Earth, and Air
 Each coming moment's grace exceeds the last,
 'Till Nature's forms all robes of lustre wear.

ADDRESSED TO SOME FRENCH GENTLEMEN TO WHOM I OWED
MY EDUCATION AT CHUDLEIGH.

When, Gallia's Sons, with you I wont to stray
Where I, whom ye so kindly train'd, was born,
To see the year its varied stores display :
Bright snow, fair flow'rs, ripe grass, or yellow corn :
How quickly pass'd my youth-delighting day !
Eve seem'd to tread upon the heels of Morn :
And scarcely Nature heard the birds in May,
Ere she was deafen'd by the hunter's horn !
O, how I listen'd to your valued lore !
How much I strove to gain your courtly tongue !
How, how I daily loved you more and more !
On your's, methought, my very being hung,—
And Sirens, had I reach'd their dang'rous shore,
With you, in vain, their witching lay had sung !

TO EDWIN.

ON THE VERY STRIKING RESEMBLANCE WHICH HE BEARS TO
MY DEAR FATHER.

WRITTEN 1824.

The more, my child, thy beauteous face I view,
The more I find thee like my much loved sire :
His brow thou hast, his lip, his eyes of blue,
That love, respect, and confidence inspire !

Ne'er truer copy Art or Nature drew ;
None Penetration's gaze might more admire :
Oft, seeing thee, sweet tears my cheeks bedew,
And ne'er, when so employ'd, mine eye would tire !

But may th' exterior, boy ! be not the whole
Wherein thou art his peer : thou hast his form,
Then emulate his dignity of soul !—

His heart with Christian love and faith is warm ;
Stored is his head ; his flesh he can control ;
And like a rock derides Time's every storm !

TO EDWIN.

ON TEACHING HIM BOTANY.

WRITTEN 1824.

Yea, Edwin ! richest jewel of my breast !
 Thee, from thine op'ning childhood, I will train
 To love th' enamell'd mead, by Flora drest,
 And the bright-tinted, scent-diffusing plain !
 I'll point thee out th' All-pow'rful's stamp, impress'd
 On all the produce of his boundless reign :
 Goodness and might the universe invest,
 And nought which meets the view is form'd in vain !
 First, Nature's volume shall thy thoughts engage,
 Which for the Christian's Book will fit thine eyes ;—
 There marvel-waking objects crowd the page !
 May God advance mine efforts from the skies !
 Safe may He guide thee thro' life's pilgrimage,
 And grant thy deathless soul the heav'nly prize !

TO A LADY'S GOLDFINCH.

WRITTEN 1824.

I love thee, Goldfinch ! for the beauteous dyes
 Which in thy variegated plumage shine !
 Much more the ear-delighting notes I prize
 Which flow like honey from that bill of thine !

Still more I love thee, as these wires confine
 The wings which Nature form'd to skim the skies ;
 Altho' thou shouldst not in thy prison pine,
 Since thy fond mistress all thy wants supplies !

A claim thou hast still dearer in my sight :
 One of thy race is ever cherish'd where,
 First, I beheld the landscape-gladdening light !

He hath my honour'd mother's fostering care
 (Her tenderness I never can requite !)
 Therefore I dearly love thee, Child of Air !

TO MY BROTHER, A COMMANDER IN THE
ROYAL NAVY.

While thou art sailing o'er the blue expanse,
With wide-distended canvas, brother dear,
Where many a danger lurks, and dire mischance,
Which Sympathy is terror-chill'd to hear :

Oh, be most cautious in thy rude career,
And Heav'nward send thy aid-imploring glance,
When yelling blasts excite the pilot's fear,
And make the tallest ships like bubbles dance !

Heed, heed Affection's voice ; for on thy weal
Is hung the hope,—the joy,—the life of those
Who all the warmth of kindred bosoms feel !

Fast down their cheeks the briny liquid flows,
While the loud sea-upturning tempest blows,
And drives the boiling foam against thy keel !

TO THE REV. H. T. C., M.A.

OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, ON RECEIVING THE SACRAMENTAL CUP FROM HIS HANDS IN A LONDON CHURCH.

EASTER SUNDAY, 1840.

To strangers' eyes 'twas no unusual scene,
When thou, my junior, with a holy pray'r,
To me the cup of Christ, with tranquil mien
Gav'st, in that church which is thy sacred care !

But thou and I of diff'rent feelings were ;
And when each other, with a look serene,
We view'd, the angels viewless station'd there,
Rejoiced at what they clearly saw, I ween !

I was thy guide to lore, in Granta's shade ;
And Self-respect our bosoms ne'er forsook,
While progress in Instruction's path we made.

Praised be Heav'n's pow'r, we ne'er from Virtue stray'd :
Hence, when from thee the hallow'd cup I took,
The face of neither painful thoughts betray'd !

WRITTEN IN THE COLLEGE WALKS OF CAMBRIDGE.

The Sun is sinking on the couch of Night,
And with his milder eye beholds the scene
Adorn'd, ye stately groves ! with liveliest green,
And with his lustre brighter makes the bright !
I cannot quit this eye-arresting sight:
E'en like the sky, my bosom is serene,
And objects none, meseemeth, intervene
'Twixt me and Him who form'd yon solar light !
Let others Grandeur's glittering baubles prize,
And all their efforts never-wearied try,
To gain the gems which shine in worldlings' eyes :
Be it my task to view the glowing sky,
When Morn and Even spread their varied dyes
O'er green-robed Earth and her blue canopy !

TO ETERNITY.

WRITTEN MAY 1836.

When Danger's hand was dragging me away
 From scenes that open to man's vision lie,
 To those thou solely seest, Eternity !
 My soul, thank Heaven ! was 'neath Religion's sway ;
 I needed not Heav'n's volume to display
 The blissful scenes which are beyond the sky,
 And those where ne'er the gnawing worm will die,
 Or fires be quench'd ! Truth shone with cloudless ray !
 Solely my spirit needed to be taught
 How to be pleasing to the King of Kings,
 Who Faith, unmixt with pray'r, regards as nought !
 Th' unrivall'd book of England's Church I sought ;
 Then my rapt spirit soar'd on eagle-wings,
 And back to earth Religion's comforts brought !

TO LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

ON MEETING A BELOVED COLLEGE FRIEND IN THAT CITY.

WRITTEN MARCH 31st, 1840.

Magnific Minster ! on thy matchless site,
 That risest, mount-like, from the scene below.
 No eye, meseems, can view with more delight
 Than mine thy grandeur, or more transport show :
 Superb thou art in finish, space, and height !
 Supreme 'mid countless beauties, and my flow
 Of life will cease, ere thou with charms all bright
 On Memory's tablet traced, no more shalt glow !
 Yet charms superior my delighted eye
 Found in thine ancient city,—a loved friend,—
 And nought thou seem'dst while he was standing by !
 Thou, throned in pomp, at length wilt prostrate lie,
 At Time's behest, while Friendship shall not end,
 'Twixt virtuous souls, ere deathless spirits die !

TO DON JUAN ARIAS DE CARBAJAL,

A MOST HIGHLY TALENTED AND EXCELLENT PUPIL OF MINE
AT CAMBRIDGE.

WRITTEN 1832.

When Spring once more hath spread her verdant vest,
Dear Arias ! over mead—vale—hill—and plain,
Again thou wilt behold thy land, rich Spain !
And by thy longing kindred be caress'd !

Methinks, I hear their rapturous joy express'd,
That thou, a traveller, various lore to gain,
Hast not allow'd thine hours to pass in vain !
Thy looks and words the truth must well attest !

When aught thou viewest picturesque or rare :
The shaggy steep—deep dell—sequester'd stream—
The golden grove—wild wood—or flow'ret fair,—

Wish me, thy nature-loving tutor, there !
Think how, ne'er wearied with the rural theme,
Enchanted I that joy with thee would share !

TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

ON HIS MOST BEAUTIFUL BALLAD CALLED "THE DREAM OF
HOME."

Oft have I wept, when Music's tones I've heard,
From others,—and mine own have sometimes, too,
My bosom's throbb'er with emotion stirr'd,
And many a tear of rapture forced to flow :

But not Art's skill, nor Night's melodious bird,
E'er made me such o'erpow'ring transport know,
As thou, Moore ! now. Thy song must be preferr'd
By me, methinks, to ev'ry strain below !

My dear, lost home I muse on : dear, too dear,
Formine heart's peace ! 'Tis with thy "Dream" combined :
My soul is touched, while ravish'd is mine ear !

Again thou mak'st me all my dear home find ;—
Again its scenes I view—my kindred hear :
Again delight pervades my frame and mind !

TO A FRIEND,

WITH WHOM AND HIS FAMILY THE AUTHOR HAD SPENT THE
PREVIOUS EVENING.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 11TH, 1840.

Around thy brow no royal wreath is twined,
Prized friend ! no star is glitt'ring on thy breast :
Thy garb and home nor wealth nor rank attest :
But how thou art adorn'd with gems of mind !

How me thou charmedst with thy speech refined !
True Wisdom's thoughts, in words appropriate drest :
And mine heart, jointly with my tongue, confest
What worth and talent were in thee combined !

Thy presence loved I left with deep regret :
Then what sad contrast burst upon mine eye !—
That eye which thou hadst made with rapture wet !

Alone I seem'd, though thousands pass'd me by :
And while unprized,—unknown,—my view they met,
On thee and thine I mused with many a sigh !

TO ST. PETER'S GROVE, CAMBRIDGE.

'Tis not because transcendent charms are thine,
 St. Peter's tranquil grove ! I much admire
 Thy linden rows, and ever pleased resign
 Retreats far lovelier, hither to retire :
 Thyself could ne'er enchant this heart of mine ;—
 My fingers never tempt to touch the lyre,—
 To call forth music, ne'er my soul incline
 To make thy shades an object of desire !
 But tho' of worth thou own'st a common store,
 And I, at will, might visit fairer bow'rs,
 Yet Memory bids me seek thee as before ;—
 When here with Friendship swiftly fled the hours,
 Quaffing the crystal fount of virtuous lore,
 And culling Poesy's immortal flow'rs !

TO THE VILLAGERS WHO BROUGHT ME FLOWERS, ETC. TO
ADORN MY RECTORIAL GARDEN AT DYMCHURCH.

WRITTEN JULY 1835.

Delight pervades my bosom, when ye bear
Sweet flowers, kind Villagers! with plants and seeds,
To make my garden (once a bed of weeds)
Cheer ev'ry eye and sweeten all the air!

To pay this debt shall be my special care,
And give you what your mental garden needs;
Where many a noxious herb the good impedes,
Which would, if clear'd, produce the blossom fair.

What ye bring *me* will wither soon and die,
And vainly will their present tints be sought:
Winter's wild rage will reign o'er earth and sky;

While what I plant to store your tracts of thought,
If foster'd, by the Pow'r who rules on high
To never-ending beauty will be brought!

TO THE REVEREND PREBENDARY L.

A mighty river spreads its waters wide,
 And sweeps along thro' vales, and plains, and meads,
 And all their produce with its riches feeds,
 That Nature may with stores be all supplied :

A rippling rill runs down a mountain's side,
 And with its stealthy course to Ocean speeds,
 Yielding the moisture which the herblet needs,
 And clothing little shrubs in leafy pride :—

Great Sir, thou art that river, and thy way
 Thro' Life's all-various scenes with good is fraught,
 And countless objects own thy genial sway ;

Just like the rill may I, at least, be thought,—
 That when I have obtain'd my final day,
 My earthly life may not have been for nought !

TO THE BELOVED GRANDCHILD OF SOME
HIGHLY ESTEEMED FRIENDS.

Sweet boy ! there is a language in thine eye
Which from the tongue expression never needs :
A glance thou givest, and that glance exceeds
What I could fancy, and may words defy !

Like a bright flower beneath the sun-bright sky,
Mayst thou thy buds expand, unchoked by weeds,
Or aught which that expansion fair impedes,
And show to man each view-delighting dye !

And when on earth thy useful life is o'er,
By Age bereft of all thy sentient pow'rs,
Mayst thou be happy on th' eternal shore !

Oh, what a thought to make thee spend thine hours
In acts of good, and gaining heav'nly lore :—
Reflection forms the bliss of Heav'n's fair bow'rs !

TO THE CHILDREN OF A COLLEGE FRIEND.

ON SEEING THEM GATHERING COWSLIPS.

WRITTEN APRIL 22ND, 1840.

With eager speed along the mead ye run,
 Dear offspring of an ever-valued sire,
 Culling the flow'rs now glowing with the sun :
 And who can flow'rs behold, and not admire ?

 By you, in guiltless war, sweet spoils are won,
 And may be tuned upon a guiltless lyre :
 And I will pray that your dear lives, begun
 In innocence, may innocent expire !

 The balmy cowslips which ye joyous seize,
 Are beautiful to see,—to smell,—to taste ;
 May ye, like cowslips, with your virtues please :—

 And when your days, with no untimely haste,
 Have their due limits gain'd, may Eden's trees
 Shade your blest brows, with flow'rs unfading graced !

L. of C.

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TO SOME YOUNG LADIES, MY PUPILS
AT CAMBRIDGE.

Ye youthful dwellers in this fair domain,
Where ye grow, lovely, 'neath the parent-eye,—
Each morn the sun, ascending in the sky,
Beholds his genial rays have not been vain :

See, how fair Flora's variegated train,
All with each other for precedence vie :
Yet scarce full-blown they are before they die,
And never will they rise to bloom again !

May daily ye the hues of thought display,
And emulate each other in the race
Of mental worth, and Heaven's commands obey !

Ye are design'd to reach the happy place,
After your mortal vest aside ye lay,
If fast ye hold the sovereign means of grace !

ADDRESSED TO A VERY AGED COUPLE, WITH WHOM I WAS IN
THE HABIT OF READING THE HOLY SCRIPTURES
AT DYMCHURCH.

O venerable pair ! while oft a seat
'Twixt you I hold, and read the heavenly lore,
Which teaches man to gain for evermore
Heav'n's own pure bliss, your hearts with rapture beat !

Ye long have trodden, with unwearied feet,
The upward rugged path to yon bright door,
Which opes to all who Jesus' aid implore,
And where fair angels earthly pilgrims greet !

Blest be my holy duty, which delight
To you affords, unmix'd, in Life's last days,
And heav'nly boons on earth my deed requite :

With you, the eternal pages seem more bright
Than elsewhere I behold them,—and my praise
I will, ye hoary saints, with your's unite !

TO A VILLAGE MATRON,

JUST BEFORE HER BURIAL—SHE DIED AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY.

WRITTEN DECEMBER 3RD, 1838.

While thee I gaze upon, time-vanquish'd dame,
 For burial clad, and touch thy freezing hand,
 I cannot Sorrow's forceful power withstand;
 And weep that Death hath quench'd thy vital flame !

I found thee hale, when hither first I came,
 Three summers since; and if I could command,
 And Death must heed my voice, each vital band
 Of thine again should join thy soul and frame !

No boast was thine of talent or of lore;
 No phrase of thine could please Refinement's ear;
 And nought remain'd of all fair Fortune's store:

But to mine heart thou wast and wilt be dear;—
 Mild, grateful, and submissive: daily more
 I prized thee as a Christian soul sincere !

TO A MISSIONARY.

The taper which conducts the pilgrim's feet
O'er darksome wilds, rough steeps, and thorny ways,
With night-enveloped dangers all replete,
For his safe escort spends its useful rays!

Thus, Missioner ! thy vital flame decays,
In guiding Error's victims to the seat
Where true Religion sings the Saviour's praise,
And makes the soul for Heaven's enjoyment meet !

But tho' in such a cause thy lamp expire ;—
A cause which even angels love to view,
And for its weal beseech th' Eternal Sire ;

Yet soon it will its brilliancy renew,
And burn for ever with a vivid fire,
In the bright climes above yon vaults of blue !

TO T. D——N, ESQ.

OF DOWNING COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, ON HIS RESEMBLANCE
TO AN OLD COLLEGE FRIEND.

WRITTEN IN 1833.

Thoughts tinged by sadness in my mind arise,
When by thy side I take my wonted place,
Or hear thy voice, dear youth ! or view thy face,—
And surely oft thou hear'st my deep-drawn sighs !

Then twice ten summers vanish from mine eyes !
Again I run with youths my joyous race,—
Again I can the well-known features trace
Of One, whom ne'er mine heart will cease to prize !

His form,—his mien,—his accents were like thine :
His talents, too : his prospects were as bright !
But Fortune's rays as short-lived meteors shine !

Grief early turn'd his raven locks to white,
And deeply mark'd his brow with many a line :
O never may that foe thy freshness blight !

TO THE SWEET-BRIAR.

Which of the floral race with thee can vie,
Thou fragrant Briar ! whose arms extending spread
A veil of green o'er many a peasant's shed,
Or the fair villa, and delight the eye ?

Sweet are thy petals of the softest dye,
Like the pink hues which deck the solar bed,
Ere Twilight hide it ; and thy fruitage red
The coral's richest colour may defy !

Thou art not solely fair in fruit and flow'r,
But the smell charмест with thy foliage sweet :
E'en from the op'ning to the withering hour !

I of thy beauties bright will form my bow'r :
Ever thou mak'st my heart delighted beat,—
Thou tree, by Nature form'd of triple pow'r !

ON SEEING ONE FADED LEAF ON A VERY
FLOURISHING TREE, IN SPRING.

IN REFERENCE TO THE ILLNESS OF MISS FISHER, OF ST. IVES,
HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

Poor leaf, I pity thee ! scarce hadst thou spread
Thy verdant freshness to the eye of Spring,
When thou wert swept by fell Destruction's wing,
And all thy healthful tint, alas, is fled !

While joyous ev'ry other lifts its head,
Inhales the air, which Zephyr's pinions bring,
And gay beholds the Sun his brilliance fling
O'er woods, and rills, and Earth's enamell'd bed :

Thus now I see (but with far deeper pain,
For well the cause requires it) Languor seize
One victim in a numerous youthful train :

To change for woes acute her former ease,
And Life's rich fountain of its fluids drain :
While all her peers retain their energies !

TO THE LATE JANE, RELICT OF JAMES
ANDREW, ESQ. LL.D. OF EDINBURGH.

WRITTEN NOVEMBER 1839.

Cold were mine heart, if Death had laid thee low,
Lady beloved ! and tearless were mine eyes :
Thou who wast wont to feel thy bosom glow
-With worth, well pleasing to the earth and skies !
Who, more than thou, with pity look'd on woe ?
And thou, not satisfied with fruitless sighs,
For human grief didst e'er compassion show,
By kindest acts of Christian energies !
Transcendent wife and mother ! and most dear
To all whom Heav'n with such a friend had blest :—
Many, with me, will shed for thee a tear !
But while Affection still would keep thee here,
Faith tells the mourner that eternal rest
Will be thy portion in the heavenly sphere !

TO EARTH.

ON SEEING A FATHER AND MOTHER WEEPING AT A NEWLY
ERECTED GRAVE-STONE.

DYMCHURCH, SUNDAY, APRIL 8TH, 1838.

How copiously that mother's sorrows flow !
And I, though distant, hear her anguish'd moan :
Full well the cause of those loud cries of woe
Is told by yonder new, conspicuous stone !

She by that green grave mourneth not alone :
There mourneth, too, her partner in the blow
That crush'd their joy ! Alas ! what grief is shown
By all his acts ! Grief marks his victims so !

Beneath that stone, their only child (how dear !—
How justly dear !) is laid ! Now Summers seven
Almost have fled since closed his life's career :

Thou, Earth ! no solace to their grief hast given !
Thou canst not, shouldst not, dry Affliction's tear :
They weep till join'd with him again in Heaven !

TO A BEAUTIFULLY LIMPID STREAM
AT CHUDLEIGH.

Thou softly-murmuring, mazy, mountain-stream !
On thy green banks I, youthful, oft reclined,
To see thy surface ruffled by the wind,
Or shine, like silver, in the sunny beam !
Then, sooth'd by flattering Hope's fallacious dream,
Thro' life I thought a pleasant course to find ;
With the proud wreath of Fame my brows to bind,
And gain, by worth, my fellow men's esteem !
Thou, in thy verdant channel, still art fair,
And flow'rs admire their colours in thy glass :
Unalter'd, they their garb of beauty wear !
But I by Grief and Time am changed, alas !
Anguish attends my steps ; and scarce I bear
My load of sorrow as I grave-ward pass !

TO THE REDEEMER.

Oft, Jesu ! I with Fervour's tongue have proved,
 From thine own Word, weeping, that thou alone
 The soul canst save, while crowds around unmoved
 Sate, like the mural forms of sculptured stone !

I oft have striven to make *thee* dearly loved
 By felons, and have heard the piteous moan,
 While from my face their tearful eyes ne'er roved,—
 And signs of grief for guilt by all were shown :

And I far more have prized the contrite heart,
 Tho' in a prisoner's iron-grated den,
 When deep it felt Conviction's probing smart,

Than that of Honour's bands, whose sabbath-part,
 Too oft, is play'd before their fellow men,—
 While thou their rightful Lord, unheeded art !

TO A LADY.

IN PRAISE OF EXETER.

DYMCHURCH, AUGUST 1839.

Lady ! with thine my spirit dwells delighted
 On grand Exonia ; she with charms is glowing :
 Nature and Art therein, with pow'rs united,
 A picture form, fresh beauties ever showing !

Painters and bards might there become excited
 By her stream clear, fair-bridged, and softly flowing ;
 Peter's bold tow'rs, streets rising, myrtles blighted
 By Winter scarcely ; trees luxuriant growing !

High on her Rougemont she a terrace raises ;
 And thence she shows, with gratified endeavour,
 A prospect that th' unwearied sight amazes !

A thick grove stands below, whereon th' eye gazes
 With rapture ! Once beheld, her features never
 Can be forgot, and Memory hymns her praises !

TO THE DEITY.

IMPROMPTU, ON BEING REQUESTED BY A LITTLE GIRL
TO WRITE ON THE WORD GOD.

WRITTEN FEBRUARY 7TH, 1839.

Yea I, of Thee, great God ! well-pleased will write :
Of Thee, for whom I feel transporting love :
Eternal One, who dwell'st in cloudless light !
Of Thee, thro' whom I live, and speak, and move !
Down, for my weal, Thou, thron'd above all height,
Thy Son didst send, to make my spirit prove
The blessings which my gratitude excite :
Ay, Thou, thro' Him, wouldst place my soul above !
Of Thee I e'er *will* write, while sense remains
Within my breast ; and when no more mine hand
Of Thee *can* write, and Death within me reigns,—
Lead thou my soul along his shadowy land,
To join blest angels in their heavenly strains,
To Thee, whose throne thro' endless years shall stand !

SEP -8 1847

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